

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CCLIII. }

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## THE ADVENTURERS.

Over the downs in sunlight clear  
Forth we went in the spring of the  
year:

Plunder of April's gold we sought,  
Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a copse without defence  
Low we crouched to the rain-squall  
dense:

Sure, if misery man can vex,  
There it beat on our bended necks.

Yet when again we wander on  
Suddenly all that gloom is gone:  
Under and over, through the wood,  
Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white,  
Delicate windflowers dancing light,  
Primrose, mercury, muscatel,  
Shimmer in diamonds round the dell.

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe,  
Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe,  
Woodpecker whirs his rattling rap,  
Ringdove flies with a sudden clap.

Rook is summoning rook to build,  
Duncock his beak with moss has  
filled,  
Robin is bowing in coat-tails brown,  
Tomtit chattering upside down.

Well it is seen that every one  
Laughs at the rain and loves the sun;  
We too laughed with the wildwood  
crew,  
Laughed till the sky once more was  
blue.

Homeward over the downs we went  
Soaked to the heart with sweet con-  
tent;

April's anger is swift to fall,  
April's wonder is worth it all.

*Henry Newbolt.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE VISIT.

When the Snowdrop goes to Town  
In her little grandmotherly bonnet,  
With only a ribbon of light

By a miracle fastened upon it,  
She takes for the world to wear  
Such a charm in the lappel of duty  
As gives of the earth and the air,  
And consoles by its Puritan beauty.

When the Snowdrop goes to Town  
In her little grandmotherly bonnet,  
How many delight in the grace  
Of the exquisite trimming upon it!  
They look her deep in the eyes,  
And the bird of their memory, trill-  
ling  
Simplicity's far-away skies,  
Takes the heart with unbearable  
thrilling.

When the Snowdrop goes to Town  
In her little grandmotherly bonnet,  
With only a glamor of earth  
And a magic of heaven upon it,  
Look at the rainbow of Spring  
In the eyes of the happy beholders!  
Cares in a covey take wing,  
And weariness falls from the shoul-  
ders.

*Norman Gale.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## CATHARINE.

"We children every morn would wait  
For Catharine, at the garden gate;  
Behind school-time, her sunny hair  
Melted the master's frown of care,  
What time his hand but threatened  
pain,

Shaking aloft his awful cane.  
So here one morn we two did wait  
For Catharine at the garden gate.  
To Dave I say, 'There's sure to be  
Some coral isle unknown at sea,  
And—if I see it first—'tis mine!  
But I'll give it to Catharine.'

'When she grows up,' says Dave to me,  
'Some ruler in a far countree,  
Where every voice but his is dumb,  
Owner of pearls and gold and gum,  
Will build for her a shining throne,  
Higher than his, beside his own;  
And he who would not list before,  
Will listen to Catharine, adore  
Her face and form; and,' Dave went  
on—

When came a man there pale and wan,  
Whose face was dark and wet, though  
kind;

He, coming there, seemed like a wind  
Whose breath is rain, yet will not stop  
To give the parched flowers a drop:  
'Go, children, to your school,' he said;  
'Alone, for Catharine is dead.' "

*William H. Davies.*

## THE SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE.

In a few days the second Hague Conference will open its proceedings. Eight years will then have elapsed from the date of the signature of the Plenipotentiaries of the Convention and Declarations which resulted from the proceedings of the first Hague Conference, viz.:—

I. A Convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes.

II. A Convention relating to the laws and customs of war by land.

III. A Convention for the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention of the 22nd August, 1864.

IV. And three declarations on the following matters:

(a) Prohibition of the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other similar new methods.

(b) Prohibition of the use of projectiles the only object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases.

(c) Prohibition of the use of bullets which expand or flatten easily in the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope, of which the envelope does not entirely cover the core, or is pierced with incisions.

These Conventions and Declarations formed separate documents, which the States represented agreed to sign separately. Great Britain became a party to the three Conventions but not to the Declarations. Of other Powers, the United States Government, besides acceding to the Conventions, has adopted the first of the Declarations, but not the second and third. All the other Powers have adhered to both the Conventions and the Declarations, except Portugal, who has abstained from the third Declaration, and Sweden and Norway and Switzerland, who have not yet ratified the second Convention. Turkey

is known to have ratified *in extremis*, but whether she has done so for all the Conventions and Declarations has not yet been made public; otherwise, she would not, it has been stated in the newspapers, have been qualified to receive an invitation to the second Conference. Why is not apparent.

Besides these Conventions and Declarations the first Conference left the following legacies to a second Conference, in the form of Resolutions and *Vœux*.

On the subject of military burdens and limitation of armaments both a resolution and a *vœu* were adopted.

The resolution, which was carried unanimously, was as follows:—

The Conference is of opinion that the restriction of military budgets, which are at present a heavy burden on the world, is extremely desirable for the increase of the material and moral welfare of mankind.

The *vœu* does not seem to have been adopted unanimously, but whether it was or not is immaterial, as the principle of it is covered by the resolution. It reads:—

The Conference expresses the wish that the Governments, taking into consideration the proposals made at the Conference, may examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of war budgets.

Another *vœu* related to the immunity of private property at sea in war, a subject which the United States Government had brought up outside the programme of deliberations. The Conference taking a respectful interest in the question, but considering it beyond the scope of its pending work, "expressed the wish that the proposals which contemplate the declaration of the inviolability of private property in

naval warfare may be referred to a subsequent Conference for consideration."

On the much larger question of neutral rights and duties which are so all-encompassing that they might form a programme for a Conference to the exclusion of all other matter, the Conference also adopted a *vaen*, viz.:—

That the question of the rights and duties of neutrals be inserted in the programme of a conference in the near future.

The Conference also adopted *vaen* that:—

the proposal to settle the question of the bombardment of ports, towns, and villages by naval forces be referred to a subsequent Conference for consideration.

That:—

the questions with regard to rifles and naval guns, as considered by it, be studied by the Governments with the object of coming to an agreement respecting the employment of new types and calibres.

And, lastly, that:—

taking into consideration the preliminary steps taken by the Swiss Federal Government for the revision of the Geneva Convention, steps be shortly taken for the assembling of a special Conference having for its object the revision of that Convention.

The last of these *vaen* has been acted upon, a Conference having been held at Geneva in June-July, 1906, and a revised Convention, composed of thirty-three articles, adopted on July 6th, 1906.

Since 1890 practical effect has been given to all the three Conventions. Four cases have been heard before the Permanent Court of Arbitration, provided for in the first of the three. The other two have received application in

two wars—in our own in South Africa, and in that in the Far East. In the latter the provisions of the three Declarations also were observed, both Russia and Japan having ratified them long before the outbreak of the war.

All the three Conventions, it is understood, have given occasion to suggestions of improvement, and the Conference will probably consider as its first duty the discussion of any proposals for their amendment. In particular the procedure of The Hague Court will have to be carefully considered in connection with a number of modifications proposed by the judges who have sat in the different trials which have taken place before it. A point which may possibly also be brought forward is the cheapening of the procedure in cases of minor importance. In the *Pious Fund* case the five judges received each £1,000, to which must be added the fees and expenses of counsel, of staff, printing, &c. Compared with the small sums which were paid to Baron Lambert as arbitrator in many cases of the same order, such costly procedure seems somewhat luxurious.

There is also the language question. Article 38 of the Arbitration Convention provides that—

the Tribunal decides on the choice of languages to be used by itself, and to be authorized for use before it.

The Arbitrators in the *Pious Fund* case, while acknowledging the wisdom of this Article, called attention to the necessity of arriving at an agreement beforehand with regard to the language to be used before the tribunal. It was

absolutely necessary that the point be determined prior to the commencement of the labors of the tribunal, in order that the selection of the agent and counsel might be made with a view to their knowledge of the language in which the arguments before the Arbitrators were to be carried on. The ne-



cessity of translating for the use of counsel the speeches made before the tribunal inevitably caused great loss of time.

They therefore suggested that future protocols of submission should state the decision of the contracting parties on this subject.

In the *Venezuela Indemnities* case the language question gave rise to considerable trouble and even some wrangling. the original protocol of submission having provided that the proceedings should be carried on in the English language, while in its protocol of adhesion the French Government stipulated that this should not abridge the powers given to the court by the above Art. 38.

The *North Sea Incident* Commission of Inquiry also raised a good many points of procedure, and the regulations drawn up by the Commissioners may possibly be made the basis of a general code of procedure for use in the future in such Commissions.

Apart from these matters arising out of the first Conference and out of the experience and application of its work, several questions have become important which were not touched upon in 1899.

The Russian invitation to the Powers to reassemble summed all the question up as follows:—

The Imperial Government, believing that it is necessary only to examine questions which press with particular urgency inasmuch as they arise from the experience of recent years, and *without touching on those which belong to the limitation of Military and Naval Forces*, proposes therefore as programme for the Conference the following principal points:

1. Improvements to be made in the regulations of the Convention touching the pacific settlement of international disputes regarding both the *Court of Arbitration* and *International Commissions of Inquiry*.

2. Additions to be made in the regulations of the Convention of 1899 touching the *Laws and Practices of Land Warfare*, among others the opening of hostilities, the rights of neutrals on land, &c. Declarations of 1899, one among them being renewable—the question of its renewal.

3. Elaboration of a Convention touching the *Laws and Practices of Naval Warfare* concerning—

The special operations of naval warfare, such as the *bombardment of ports, towns, and villages* by a naval force, the *laying of mines*, &c.

The transformation of commercial vessels into warships.

The *private property of belligerents at sea*.

The delay to be accorded to commercial vessels in leaving *neutral ports* or those of the enemy after the outbreak of hostilities.

The rights and duties of *neutrals at sea*, among other questions that of *contraband*, the treatment to which the ships of belligerents should be subjected in neutral ports, *destruction* owing to *vis major* of *neutral ships* of commerce as prizes.

In the said Convention should be introduced arrangements relative to land warfare, which should be equally applicable to naval warfare.

Additions to be made in the Convention of 1899 for the adaptation to naval warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention.

It is seen that the limitation of armaments, which was the chief point in the Russian programme for the Conference of 1899, is not included though mentioned. Nor does the new programme suggest that any questions may be added to the above. All it states as regards freedom of action is that the Imperial Government desires "to emphasize that the issue of this programme, and its eventual acceptance by the various States, must not be held to prejudice any opinion which may be formulated at the Conference regarding the solutions to be given to the questions submitted for discussion."

Since the programme was submitted different ministerial statements in this country and in Italy have reserved the right to introduce matter not included in the Russian programme, and a statement attributed by Reuter's Agency to Prof. F. de Martens, when he visited London and other capitals to fortify his Sovereign with the views of different Governments, assured the public that the limitation of armaments would be "*the pièce de résistance of the programme*," if either the British or the United States Government decided to place this question on the agenda. Personally he did not think the subject ripe for discussion, and he was convinced it would be "quite impossible to attain any practical result from the discussion." This, he stated, had been the result of his visits to Berlin and Paris, and was the opinion of his own Government. M. de Martens did not explain how he thought the subject might be made to ripen. Whether an open and vague discussion is the best way to ripen it may indeed be doubted. Such vague discussions are liable to result in an adverse decision as the safest way of escaping from immature proposals. To ensure the thorough sifting of a subject, which many, in every country of Europe, think might be satisfactorily handled, the appointment of an International Commission commends itself—a Commission which, if I may venture on a suggestion, should not be obliged to report its proceedings and not be exposed to the attacks of dissident patriots or disappointed visionaries.

Of other questions submitted in the Russian programme a few points in the practice of neutrality may be dealt with. At present States enforce against their subjects and citizens some neutral duties, but they leave the bulk of them to be enforced by the belligerents. And, in fact, though it is clearly the duty of a State itself to for-

bear from committing any act which may be of assistance to either belligerent, this duty cannot in reason be absolute as regards private persons merely within its territorial jurisdiction. In recent times, with the development of means of communication, it has, however, become possible for States to exercise a more effective control over the acts of their subjects and citizens than in the past, and the, so to speak, moral responsibility of neutral States has correspondingly increased. Down to the present day, though the practice is not uniform, no change of principle has resulted from the altered circumstances, and a much greater latitude is left to neutral subjects and citizens than is consistent with the idea of strict neutrality. A great exception was consented to, as between Great Britain and the United States, in 1871, in the treaty of submission of the Alabama case to arbitration. Great Britain did not, it is true, assent to the rules laid down in the treaty as a statement of International Law; and though both she and the United States have Foreign Enlistment Acts, they are merely municipal laws, and lie quite outside the scope of International Law as it stands at present. Even direct sales to belligerents of arms and munitions of war are still purely mercantile acts, and no purely mercantile acts have down to the present been regarded as a violation of neutrality. Yet it is quite conceivable that the sales might take such proportions as to involve national responsibility.

The same remarks apply to loans of money raised within the jurisdiction of a neutral State. It is certain that the greater credit of one of the belligerent States gives it an advantage over the other in procuring money for the purposes of war. The general practice of States, however, has as yet shown itself unfavorable to imposing restrictions.

The correlative of the restriction of belligerent right is, of course, the enlargement of neutral duty. Every movement towards relief of neutrals from the inconvenience of a state of belligerency to their subjects and citizens implies that neutral States themselves will enforce a stricter observance of their neutrality by their subjects and citizens. In accepting greater responsibility it will be useful to remember the ease with which in time of tension irritation breaks out. Precise, well-drawn rules would, no doubt, help to carry off any flood of neutral irritation which might break forth, if we were suddenly plunged into an important European war, and might save us from being ourselves, as a neutral State, dragged into some attitude exposing us to great national irritation on the part of some foreign belligerent, as, in the case of the United States, after the Alabama incidents, and as seemed to threaten in connection with the *Bundesrath* case. Of how far, however, Great Britain can go in this direction it is difficult to form a clear estimate at present. It would, of course, be contrary to the principle of the independence of States to seek to hold any State responsible for acts of infringement of neutrality by those within its jurisdiction which it does not possess legal machinery to repress. Several States have no enactments which specifically punish infringements of neutrality; in their case it is left to the belligerent himself to enforce such remedy as the law of nations permits. Other States treat certain violations of the laws of neutrality according to their consequences in causing national damage or difficulties. This is the case with France. It has also to be taken into account that acts which, on a small scale, may escape the control of a Government, may, on a large one, become notorious or come otherwise within official cognizance. The ques-

tion is how to bring the practice of neutrality into closer harmony than at present with the principle its character implies, while taking into account the different interests the same nations may have as possible belligerents as well as possible neutrals. The British Empire in this respect is in a particularly difficult and delicate position.

Among the points which arose in connection with the seizure of the *Bundesrath*, were also the questions of visit and search of mailships, and of the application of the doctrine of "continuous voyages." Both gave rise at the time to animated correspondence, which wound up with a declaration in the Reichstag (January 19th, 1900) by Count von Bülow, who stated that "the German Empire would not withhold its concurrence and support if a prospect were to arise of defining more distinctly than heretofore, in conjunction with other Powers, the lines of an international settlement of the disputed points of maritime law."

The question of immunity of private property at sea has always been a pet question of successive United States Presidents. In 1899 the United States delegates, in accordance with specific instructions from their Government, presented the following proposition:—

The private property of all citizens or subjects of the signatory Powers, with the exception of contraband of war, shall be exempt from capture or seizure on the high seas or elsewhere by the armed vessels or the military forces of any of the said signatory Powers. But nothing herein contained shall extend exemption from seizure to vessels and their cargoes which may attempt to enter a port blockaded by the naval forces of any of the said Powers.

The question has been vigorously taken up of late also in this country. Lord Chancellor Loreburn (then Sir Robert Reid), in an interesting letter published in *The Times* of October 14th,

1905, dwelt on the, he believes, uselessness of the present practice as a means of crippling the enemy, in the following passage:—

I will suppose Great Britain at war with one or more great Continental Powers, and let it also be supposed that the British Fleet has established its naval supremacy and has even blockaded the entire coast-line of its enemies, which latter is an uncommonly strong hypothesis. In those conditions the only damage we could do to our imaginary enemies would be the suppression for the time of their carrying trade. Part of their merchant navy would be captured, and the rest would be confined to port. The injury would not be deadly. They could live on their own produce and upon the produce of their neighbors carried by rail. They could dispense with sea-borne merchandise, or if required could purchase it from neighbors who had imported it into their own country, and, but for blockade they could import it themselves in neutral vessels. Such is the full measure of the mischief we could do to a Continental enemy by a triumphant exercise of the right of capture at sea, supplemented by the establishment of a complete blockade. He would be to a great degree invulnerable by the weapon of capture, because he lives on a continent. Now all the Great Powers in the world, except ourselves and far distant Japan, live on continents. Were we confronted in war by two strong naval Powers, a considerable time would probably elapse before all the enemy squadrons were driven from the ocean. Is our merchant navy to be laid up all that time? Nor ought we to exclude the possibility of reverses or of a conflict so evenly sustained that neither side could for an indefinite time assert a decisive naval superiority. In order justly to estimate the bearing on British interests of the existing law of maritime capture, all contingencies must be regarded, at least if they are not extravagantly improbable.

An alternative proposal to immunity from capture which is made from time

to time is that the nation should either indemnify or insure the ship and cargo owners against capture. Different schemes to this effect were laid before the "Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War." Discriminating between the proposed systems, the Commission decided as follows:—

We are . . . of opinion that a system of national indemnity against loss from capture by the enemy would operate both as an additional security to the maintenance of our over-sea trade and as an important steady influence upon prices . . . We wish to place distinctly on record our opinion that the advantages to be gained from some well-considered scheme of the kind seem to us largely to outweigh any objections which have been stated to us. We do not feel ourselves competent to draw out the precise terms of such a scheme, but we look rather in the direction of a National Indemnity than in that of National Insurance. We recognize that National Insurance may at first sight appear more attractive, since the amount received by the State in premiums would be something to set against what might have to be paid out on account of losses. But this economy seems to us to be more apparent than real, when it is remembered that the amount paid in premiums, both on the goods carried and the ships in which they come, is almost certain to be paid eventually by the consumer. Similarly, it has been suggested that National Insurance, owing to the payment of a premium by the shipowner, does not, to the same extent as National Indemnity, imply preferential treatment of a single industry; but, even granting that some preference would accrue to the shipowner, the importance of maintaining efficient means of transport in time of war and of keeping rates of freight, so far as possible, at a normal level, is so great as to outweigh this objection. Moreover, it appears to us that a scheme of National Indemnity will leave it more open to the Government, acting through the Admiralty or otherwise, to impose condi-

tions, to prescribe rules, and to keep greater control of the risks that, in some form or another, will undoubtedly have to be run.

In conclusion, the appointment of a small expert Committee to investigate the subject and frame a scheme, after consultation with underwriters and others interested in the British mercantile marine, was recommended. The Commission has since been appointed.<sup>1</sup>

The report, it may be incidentally mentioned, has done much to allay apprehension as to the dangers to which our supply of food and raw material might be exposed. It would be unjust to insinuate that a similar examination of the question abroad may account for a diminution of ardor for the question of immunity outside these islands, but certainly from a statesman's point of view the question involves not only the contingency of swift cruisers being able to cripple imports of food into Great Britain, but also that of British fleets being able to injure the overseas trade of Great Britain's enemies.

Whether it would be expedient for this country to agree to immunity of private property at sea from capture would probably be dependent on the circumstances of the particular war in which it might be engaged. It is quite conceivable that different considerations would weigh in a war with the United States from those which would arise in a war with France or Germany. In the case of the United States, it might be in the interest of both parties to localize the operations of war, and to interfere as little as

possible (perhaps for the joint exclusion of neutral vessels) with the traffic across the Atlantic. In the case of a war with France or Germany, British statesmen might consider the closing of the sea to traffic by the merchantmen of the enemy favorable to British interests. But it is very difficult to say, in the abstract, whether England would be benefited by the immunity of her commerce from capture.

Of the other subjects referred to in the Russian invitation, two are likely to give rise to much discussion. The one is the controverted right to destroy neutral captures, and the other the regulation of the laying of floating mines.

The question of sinking captures became an urgent one, owing to the destruction by the Russian Fleet, during the late war, of a number of captured neutral vessels without trial by a Prize Court. A serious controversy between the British and Russian Governments ensued, in which the Russian Government contended that "the captor of a neutral ship is within his rights if he sinks it, for the reason that it is difficult, or impossible, for him to convey it to a national port for adjudication by a Prize Court," or even inconvenient to do so, "because of the distance of the port to which the vessel should be brought," or because "her conveyance to such a port would take too much time or entail too great a consumption of coal," or because the "captor has not at his disposal a sufficient number of men from whom to provide a crew for the captured vessel." "The effects of a consistent application of these principles," Lord Lansdowne pointed out, "would justify the wholesale destruction of neutral ships taken by a vessel of war at a distance from her own base, upon the ground that such prizes had not on board a sufficient amount of coal, with which such ships would probably in no circumstances have been supplied.

(<sup>1</sup>) It is composed as follows:—The Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.; the Right Hon. Sir R. B. Finlay, K.C., G.C.M.G.; Sir Thomas Glen Coates, Bart., M.P.; Sir J. L. Mackay, G.C. M.G.; Sir George Sydenham Clarke, G.C.M.G.; Sir George H. Murray, K.C.B.; Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, C.B.; Captain C. L. Ottley, R.N., M.V.O.; Mr. Edward Beauchamp, M.P.; Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone; Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson, and Mr. Arthur Lindley; Mr. George H. Duckworth, secretary.



This would similarly justify the destruction of every neutral ship taken by a belligerent vessel which started on her voyage with a crew sufficient for her own requirements only, and was therefore unable to furnish prize crews for her captures." "The adoption of such measures by the Russian Government could not fail to occasion a complete paralysis of all neutral commerce" (Foreign Office, August 10th, 1904).

These official utterances give a pretty fair idea of the controversy.

As regards floating mines, the danger they involve for neutrals was amply shown by the destruction during the late war of four inoffensive merchantmen in the neighborhood of Port Arthur. It is true that no neutral ships—nor indeed any ships at all—were injured by the Japanese mines on the high sea outside Vladivostock. The danger, however, existed and was increased by derelict mines wandering beyond the dangerous area. Some dozen drifted, it seems, as far south as the Oki Islands, over 1,000 miles away from where they were laid. Nor does the danger exist only in time of war. In the course of last year a number of floating mines were reported to have got loose. In one case it was a mine from Dunkirk which was recovered off Ostend; in another it was a German mine in the Baltic; and in another no

*The Fortnightly Review.*

less than sixteen mines from Portsmouth got adrift in the Solent.

It is seen that there is plenty of work for the Conference to do. And still the great question which will be uppermost in all men's minds will be the reduction of war budgets and armaments. Young, vigorous, and ambitious nations in the buoyant venturesomeness of youth may be tempted to view the more or less permanent settlement of the affairs of mankind in which the older nations are setting an example, as contrary to their immediate interests. Isolation of any nation, however, is not only an economic, but is also a military danger to itself, in the presence of possible combinations of other nations. Advantages for attack provoke a corresponding counter-development of the forces of resistance. A State which declines to listen to the peaceful overtures of its neighbors, on the ground that it would be quixotic to curtail its disproportionate ability to assail them, may find itself obliged, in the alternative, to increase its strength enormously for the purposes of possible defence. And competition in armaments and international combinations is bound to continue, in response to realities of self-preservation, till this insensate rivalry is checked by agreement.

*Thomas Barclay.*

### THE STORY OF "MAGA" AND THE BLACKWOODS.

I looked, and behold a man clothed in plain apparel stood in the door of his house, and his name was as it had been the color of ebony.

*The Chaldee Manuscript.*

For a hoax that was no hoax at all, but a satire of transparent intention and reckless wit, "The Chaldee Manuscript" deserves a place to itself in the records of literary campaigning. Like a good many triumphs of the kind, it was all too costly, all too Pyrrhic, and, after creating a rumpus such as the de-

corum of Georgian Edinburgh had never known, it has passed into the limbo of unlamented things. Suggested by a Lowland shepherd who had a spark of genius in him, and elaborated by two young lawyers of talent, it was published by a bookseller whose courage and ambition were equal to



anything, and its fighting spirit caught the fancy of a generation whose nerves were thrilling with the news of Waterloo. The shepherd was James Hogg; the larkish advocates were John Gibson Lockhart and "Christopher North"; and the audacious bookseller (for publisher was then a word but barely known) was William Blackwood. When the dust and gallop and ructions had cleared away, the venturesome trader was rewarded by knowing his new magazine was safe, the senior and rival firm was badly shaken, and his road was clear to prosperity. The years have made that promise good, and three years ago the firm made merry in a dignified way over its centenary.

William Blackwood came of Fife-shire stock settled modestly in Edinburgh, but we know little of his descent and parentage, and rather less of his schooling and upbringing. His father died early, and his mother deserved all the devotion he paid her. He married well and sensibly, like the thorough Scot he was, and the simple story of his courtship is embodied in a letter which reveals an engaging character, in spite of the strait-laced conventions of the time. Miss Janet Stewart, his goddess, was a stately brunette of more family than fortune, and more charms than actual beauty, but she showed sterling good sense in her choice of a man. They married in the following October (1805), and she ceases to be a factor in the written records of the house. It took Mrs. Oliphant a volume and a half to write the life of William Blackwood, whereas his wife's share would go into a page. The suffragettes have missed a point here, as noisy people often do.

After all, a woman's best praise is inferential, and if we want to gauge Mrs. Blackwood's influence upon her many sons and daughters, we shall find it in their tender and passionate at-

tachment to each other, and the happy concord they have maintained. No pride of ancestry or length of pedigree compares with that. I have been given access to a privately printed pamphlet written by the last survivor of the second generation—Miss Isabella Blackwood—that keen and vivacious lady who flourishes to-day in unimpaired vigor. She seems to have felt that Mrs. Oliphant, in her memoirs of the house, had slighted its pretensions to antiquity, and nobly bridges the gap with allusions and citations wherever the name of Blackwood leaps to light. All she proves, it seems to me, is the number of the family and its namesakes buried in the Greyfriars churchyard and elsewhere; which is all very well as revealing a notable facility in dying. But there is something more than a tombstone interest in the annals of her house, as we shall see.

When William Blackwood set up business for himself in 1804 on the South Bridge, opposite the College, he had served seven years' apprenticeship, and put in a few years more in Glasgow and in London. Even in those early days, famous book-hunters like Heber and Dibdin had found the English dealers spoiled by excess of custom, and turned their attention to Edinburgh. It was the Augustan age of Scottish letters. Burns was dead, but there were plenty to divide his mantle. Moreover, it seemed as if he had taken poverty along with him. Constable, the senior rival whom Blackwood soon outdistanced, was squandering money right and left on the authors of the day—a thousand pounds for a philosophic treatise, twice as much for a poem, and reviews and small fry at twenty or thirty guineas the sheet. The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* were forging ahead, and bringing new competitors to light. The craze for poetry turned to prose, and the Waverley novels began. They filled the air with

wild-fire. Constable, flushed with pride in being Scott's publisher, gravely went to the Bank of England and asked for a loan on books that were still in the inkpot. The Bank liked not the security, and bowed him out. Constable came to grief, but the pace was set and could not be slackened; Ballantyne took it at a flying start, and went down in his turn, carrying Scott along with him. It was just as if the South Sea Bubble had been revived a century after its time for Edinburgh's desolation, with books and phantom periodicals instead of El Dorado shares. The only man who came through the South Sea crash was Walpole, who had foretold ruin all along; and out of the speculative mania of Edinburgh the only man who survived with any permanence was Blackwood. He took up an agency for the Murrays, and it lasted ten years or so, not without dismay at the London end when the skirmishing grew too fierce, and an occasional restiveness on Blackwood's part under his principal's airs of experience and superiority. The fact is, as the Spanish proverb goes, a big pot requires a big lid, and it was hard to find the man who could better Blackwood's best. The Tories soon found in him and his magazine a champion after their own hearts, bless 'em! He and Murray acted for Sir Walter when it came to publishing "*Tales of my Landlord*," but Ballantyne, the specious and plausible, who played intermediary, went behind their backs, and the business ended in dissatisfaction, as deals so often did where Ballantyne was concerned. Had Scott remained with Blackwood it is safe to say his fortunes would never have come tumbling about his ears, nor his giant spirit been crushed by the failure of lesser men. But in the romance of fame, as in the history of the great emotions, the chapters of regret are just as precious as any others; and if Scott had died

whole-hearted and in comfort, the world would have been the poorer by one of its sublimest instances of heroism under undeserved adversity. "He sits 'mongst men," as Lockhart very aptly quoted,

like a descended god;  
He hath a kind of honor sets him off  
More than a mortal seeming.

One of the many graceful things remembered of Scott, by the way, was a compliment he paid to Mrs. Blackwood when he went to visit the young couple, and the young wife made excuses to her guest that a lawn occupied the garden to the exclusion of flower-beds and decoration. Scott gave a glance at the youngsters of the household, and gratified her with the splendid answer: "Ah, *they* are your flowers!" By the time his youngsters were growing apace, the gray-eyed publisher was firmly established in Princes Street, whence he was to move in 1829 to George Street, on the crest of the New Town, and here the headquarters of the firm remain to this day. The two streets are old rivals in their position, architecture, and associations; but it is doubtful if they boast rooms which have echoed to more famous voices than the old Saloon which, with the editorial room above it, forms the nucleus of No. 45, George Street. These premises, first in one street and then in the other, have been the cradle of "*Maga*" for ninety years, and since the early departure of its first incompetent editor, Pringle, the magazine has been edited by the Blackwoods themselves. So that the histories of the firm and of the magazine are one, and both are a mine of material for that great unwritten epic, the *Trials of the Editorial Life*.

There is a diverting story in the letters of Swift, told on the authority of Lord Molesworth, about a certain Hebrew who fell into the hands of the Inquisition. History neglects to say

whether the poor wretch went to his fate with the calmness it required, but his indignities were not relieved when the street-boys slapped him on the back all the way to the stake, and called out "Stand firm, Moses!" They had a personal interest in his destination, and were afraid of any recantation that might rob them of their sport. In all probability they had seen too many recusants not to know the value of a little encouragement in season, but you may depend on it, the irony of the situation was not lost upon the hapless Jew. He felt much as William Blackwood must have felt when the violence of Lockhart and his confrère began to rebound upon their heads, and threats and writs of libel poured in upon the editorial table. Sir Walter often professed himself one of the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither take quarter nor give it, but he stood aghast at the hardness of these young bravos of Blackwood's. Nor were writers ever more aware of their own virulence. Lockhart described himself, in Chaldaic phraseology, as "the scorpion that stings the faces of men." Wilson was the "leopard, whose eyes were like the lightning of fiery flame." Hogg was "the great wild boar whetting his dreadful tusks for the battle." As for Blackwood, "the man of plain apparel," he was a stayer with the best, and disdained to spoil an onslaught by temporizing or half-measures. He was as loth as Johnson to halve a hatred or to praise a foe. Lockhart once coupled Blackwood and Constable together with some words of commendation, and Blackwood promptly slashed the passage out. He had no mind to see himself extolled in his own publication, but he had even less to see his enemy.

It is not [he wrote back] that this worthy and the Whig gang at his back tried for years to blast and ruin me, and every one they supposed connected

with me, that I object to the butter you have given him, but it is because I hate all appearance of hunting liberality and praising of opponents, which is so much the cant of the day.

It is a pleasure to applaud a doughty controversialist like that. We have our little tin feuds in these degenerate days, but we have grown rather chancier of venting them. For one thing, it is bad form; for another, the statutes have grown more ticklish in the matter of libel. Juries are uncertain, and judges too. If our libel laws were framed by the men who write, instead of the men who talk, the Press would be vastly more entertaining than it is; but let that pass. If they were, duelling would come in vogue again. In 1821 poor John Scott, the Whig editor of the rival *London Magazine*, went into the field to answer for an attack. He fell mortally wounded, at the hand, not of the man he had assailed, but of that man's champion and second. And the man whose thinness of skin had led to all this was the Scorpion Lockhart himself, who had probably killed, or tried to kill, more reputations than any other writer of his time. To add to the irony of it, he followed up his tirades in "Maga" by writing the most trenchant and explicit letters to Mr. Blackwood, urging him to stick to his guns, and shirk none of the consequences. "We are both firm and steadfast," he wrote on one occasion of himself and Wilson. But they were just as firm in declining to go into court and face the music of exposure. They preferred to slap Moses the publisher on the back and adjure him to "stand firm." It is easy to be steadfast when your friend is in the line of fire and you are comfortably under cover. On the whole, if we are gingerly nowadays in our methods of polemic, we are honest in the matter of substantiation. We do our own "standing firm," or else we apologize. Lockhart did neither,

and at this game of sniping and ducking the Leopard was even worse. \*

A statuesque person of six feet odd in his stockinged feet, John Wilson, who called himself "Christopher North," resembled Lockhart in combining Scots blood with English education. When they first burst upon the northern capital together, fresh from Magdalen and Balliol, and took to pacing the Parliament House arm-in-arm, they must have been a striking pair. Lockhart was bunch-haired and hawk-eyed, dark as one of the señoritas in his own "Spanish Ballads," and clip-mouthed like a vice. Wilson was a blue-eyed giant with waving locks of yellow and a ruddy visage, a chronic roar by way of laughter, and thews of iron. He was a giant walker, and trampled on hills or poets with a Jovian indifference. Scotland loves breadth in men, and it must have been his exterior as much as his inner qualifications that got him his professorship. His Tory politics went a long way, and Sir Walter helped with his usual magnanimity. At a time, therefore, when Edinburgh was never more disposed to keep her plums for her own young mouths, she dropped one into Wilson's and he dropped into the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. He dispensed moral philosophy so lavishly that he had none left for himself, and in continuing to fight over Blackwood's shoulder and leaving him to bear the brunt, the philosophy of "Christopher" was more like the frantic behavior of the *Maitre de Philosophie* in Molière's play than anything else. The one thing we can forgive him for is the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*." He took Ambrose's, a notorious Edinburgh tavern, peopled it with his Blackwood cronies—Lockhart, himself, Hogg, Syme, and the rest—and worked up their harmless convivialities into bacchanalian riots of wit that sound but hollowly to-day. Wilson had, in a

supreme degree, that common faculty of authors in withholding his "copy" for the press till it was villainously overdue. George Augustus Sala used to say that he usually found his boots and the "printer's devil" skulking together outside his door every morning; but Wilson's way was to turn a day's delay into a week, and then plead that his daughter had taken him off to a party. The Whig party, as we have seen, cost Blackwood many a trying hour, but Wilson's parties must have incurred his anathemas a good deal oftener. The comfort was that when his pen had started, "Christopher" wrote like the Trojan he was, and thirty-two columns were the work of a day with him. Only Archibald Forbes, writing war despatches on a drumhead, has equalled his pace in our days, and Forbes, as he says himself, wrote like a whirlwind. Fiction, fact, and fiery rodomontade poured from Wilson's pen in his prime, like lava from a crater in revolt. The abuse he poured on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Leigh Hunt, on his Edinburgh contemporaries, on the mawkish Mackenzie, and even on Scott himself, was a thing to make us moderns shudder. He dished up Martin, the member for Galway, in a way that made that truculent worthy writhe and squeal in anguish. But when Martin retorted with a writ, it was the Moral Philosopher's turn to writhe. He wrote to Blackwood, on receipt of the news:

I was seized with a trembling and shivering fit, and was deadly sick for some hours. . . . I am absolutely an object of any true friend's commiseration. To own that article is for a thousand reasons impossible. It is death to do so. It would involve me in lies abhorrent to my nature. I would rather die this evening. . . . This avowal would be fatal to my character, to my peace, to existence. . . . Were I to go to London it would be to throw myself into the Thames.

He did not throw himself into the Thames; like the man of "speerit," he crawled under the bed, and stayed there till the storm blew over. Blackwood had to do some climbing down as well, but he did it in full view. He inserted a second article enlarging on Martin's magnanimity as a legislator, a humanitarian, and a "kind and merry" person. But the irate victims of "Christopher's" pen were not always so merry or so kind as to accept amends of this description. In milder cases author and publisher played the game of Spenlow and Jorkins with a blandness we cannot help admiring; but it did not always serve, and Wilson, though he remained the mainstay of "Maga" while he lived, and long after Lockhart had left, was always its riskiest and costliest investment.

The idea of prose in those days was a thin-spun thread of Latinisms, all very elegant and dignified, but tedious and destitute of grip. Macaulay, who helped to sweep the tradition away, was worth all the Edinburgh school of essayists put together. Criticism, too, was as yet unknown in its modern sense, for Sainte-Beuve and his betters were still to come. Besides, the Edinburgh men had not all learned to leaven their gentilities with a good admixture of native idiom, and this, perhaps, is the slowest lesson to learn in a community so drunk with letters and the arts as Edinburgh was in the golden age of Scott and Raeburn. Hogg might have saved the position, but Hogg's vein of originality was slender, and his temper almost justified his name. Luckily, there turned up a new anonymous writer in the shape of an Irish schoolmaster, who had never left his native Cork; and Lockhart rightly pronounced him the smoothest and most idiomatic writer of them all. This was Maginn, the impudent, frolicsome, versatile hack who took "Maga" by storm, wrote endlessly, departed gracefully,

and finished his fitful and makeshift career by sitting unconsciously for Thackeray's Captain Shandon. He was one of a long and rapid procession of writers, including the drug-sodden De Quincey. It is strange to think how, out of an odd suggestion from the wilds of Asiatic history, there grew that barbaric tableau, "The Revolt of the Tartars," which glows so luridly among the Opium-Eater's essays. But De Quincey was not of a temper to deal with one publisher long. He insulted Blackwood, and his name drops out of the record. This same record is rich not only in ingratiitudes but vanities, and the vanities of authors are proverbial.

The founder died on August 16, 1834 (the same year as "Ella"), and long before his death he had modified the tone of "Maga" without relaxing his hold. It was not till he was succeeded by his sons Alexander and Robert that we hear of letters going unanswered, manuscripts going astray, and men like Thackeray offering their services in vain. Lockhart's defection to Murray and the *Quarterly* in no way impaired his kindly relations with the Blackwoods, and there is a letter of his extant which bristles with merciless corrections and exposures of the blunders in a single publication—a forgotten compilation by the equally forgotten J. D. Murray. It is evident that we have fallen on lesser days and lesser men. Yet the chronicle goes steadily on through the progress of "Maga," the discovery of many new authors and the spread of the London business, with gossip of politics and the Reform Bill, the iniquities of "Pam" and the intrigues of Disraeli, until we land in the new era of fiction, and light upon mention of "The Caxtons" and "Adam Bede." Lytton's letters to the Blackwoods are full of good nature, modesty, and charm. They published several of his novels, and his relations with the



office in Pall Mall (it had not yet removed to Paternoster Row) were gentility itself. Major William Blackwood, a third son of the founder, returned from India in 1848, and took the place left vacant by the passing of his brother Alexander, just as a third brother, John, succeeded in the place of Robert. It is one of the truest instances of heredity that a soldier could return from India in middle age, and take up the onerous duties of a publisher with as much address and self-acquittal as if he had stayed at the desk all his life. John Blackwood was another instance of the same inherent faculty, and the new era they inaugurated was coincident with the second great wave of the firm's prosperity—the era of George Eliot.

The story of her introduction to the firm through the medium of that strange fish, George Henry Lewes, has been often told. Her studious and self-imposed probation in a quiet nook of Warwickshire, and then an overdose of undigested metaphysics, had ill prepared her for novel-writing and the success she was destined to achieve. But, as in George Sand's case, she was a means of showing how the pure and rural impressions of early life can surge up through an artificial surface, and cover the litter of logic and ashes with something better and more human. It was a reassertion of the organic over lifeless and book-learned unrealities. The time came when she lost touch with nature and sank back among abstractions; but so long as she wrote in seclusion, with unchanged affection for the scenes of her youth, she wrote "for old sake's sake," and the world was the gainer. The famous introduction to "Felix Holt" has often been praised as a panorama of color; but none can appreciate its fidelity to nature except those who have tramped the green, well-tended watershed of Trent and Avon which it depicts with such an eye

to landscape and its transformation at the hands of men. I was happy once in meeting a stately Warwickshire dame who remembered Marian Evans as "a plain strange gawk of a girl who walked about all hours by herself and spoke to nobody, but would look up from her book with great staring eyes that searched you through." She had read through continents of print before she wrote "Amos Barton" at nearly forty, and entered on a fame which no woman writer has wrested from her since. Dickens's letters to John Blackwood discussing "Amos" and the other stories glowed with superlatives, but the best sentence was that in which he brushed aside "Mr. Elliot's" disguise. "If I be wrong in this," he wrote, "then I protest that a woman's mind has got into some man's body by a mistake that ought immediately to be corrected." Thackeray's eye glistened when he discussed the sorrows of the Bartons, and that heavy humorist Albert Smith confessed they made him "blubber like a boy." It is doubtful if the author would have emerged from hiding when she did, had it not been for her annoyance when she found her work was being fathered upon a half-demented barber in Nuneaton, whose name was Liggins and whose notions of literature were probably limited by the letter Z. The greatest sufferer by the disclosure was "Maga" itself, for once George Eliot had come into the open she remained there, and the standing rule against signatures robbed it of the honor of printing "The Mill on the Floss." When Blackwood actually met her he described her as having "a face like a man," and he might have been franker without any damage to the truth. Even Burton's masterly portrait which faces the editorial chair at 45, George Street, fails to make anything better of her than Myers's description of her as "a sibyl in the shade." Into deeper shade she went,



with a sere and crackling wreath of flattery and metaphysics round her head; and the last glimpse she left with her generation was that of a high priestess holding Sunday receptions. There, in the chastened gloom of Bayswater, awe-struck and dusty-brained persons used to file past as she sat on a dais in a corner, exchanging greetings and finger-tips, while Lewes danced attendance and did the honors. It was a long way from her Warwickshire idylls, and the description of Milly's grave seems cheery by comparison.

Major Blackwood died in 1861, and left his brother John to carry on the magazine and the business alone. His conduct of affairs occupies a handsome instalment to itself in the voluminous history of the house. Mrs. Oliphant passed away when her two-volume record was finished, and the third, written by Mrs. Gerald Porter, one of John Blackwood's daughters, is another proof of the way in which the intellectual calibre of the family has been maintained. Besides the George Elliot chapters, it is crowded with great names and events, from Kinglake to

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

the rollicking Charles Lever. One lovable oddity was John Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland and author of that book which is the quintessence of many, "The Book-Hunter." His portrait hangs at George Street, and is one of the many relics of departed worthies who are still an influence to-day. In the adjoining room now occupied by his nephew and fit successor, John Blackwood edited the magazine for thirty years, working untiringly until his death, and holding his own with the best of his generation. Much of his work was done, with his youngsters playing round him, at his beautiful house near St. Andrews, and we get many pleasant glimpses of the household at Strathtyrum and its boundless hospitalities. One recollection deserves honorable mention—it is so human. It was a point of pride there to christen one of the pet dogs "Tory," and when one Tory died his name passed on to another favorite. This doggy succession, and equally dogged adherence to one party color, makes no bad analogue. It seems to me, for the long and illustrious house of Blackwood.

*J. P. C.*

## THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

### CHAPTER XX.

"No," said Talbot, "I have *not*." His tone can only be described as snappish, and he addressed himself to his lunch in the surly manner of one who eats to keep up his strength rather than to appease hunger. William, who had innocently enquired whether his friend had caught anything, saw that something was amiss and left him alone. Conversation, however, must be sustained, so he turned to Majendie. "Did you get those eggs all right?" he asked.

"No," said Majendie briefly.

William looked at him in surprise. "Why not?" he enquired in a tone bordering on irritation.

"I forgot," Majendie replied in a tone of similar tendency, and with a resolute snap of his mouth.

"How the devil do you expect to be fed if you don't fetch the food?" demanded William, now justly annoyed.

"Food be damned!" retorted Majendie. "You all eat a lot too much; every one does, as you would know if you had had my professional experience." Therewith he adjusted his eye-glasses, rose from the table, and marched off in dudgeon.

William looked round for sympathy, but Talbot was still eating tongue and bread in moody silence, and the Ad-

miral was rolling a cigarette with an air of haughty disdain both of the cigarette and of his surroundings. Charles had not yet returned. William did not find the Admiral's expression promising, but he addressed him. "What's up with Majendie?"

"I really could not say," returned the Admiral icily, and then, as though much offended at being spoken to, he also rose from his seat and went his way.

William looked after him in indignation. "Tell that ass Majendie," he cried, "that he won't get any supper unless he brings that food as he promised." The Admiral drew himself up still more stiffly and vouchsafed no answer.

William swore a little at the injustice and wrong-headedness of this behavior and the unaccustomed sound roused Talbot from his reverie; or perhaps it was that, after meditating on gloomy matters sufficiently, he had come to a determination. "Couple of fobs," he observed. "What do we want. Eggs?"

"Yes," said William rather stiffly, "and bacon."

"All right," replied Talbot. "I'll get them. I'm going that way presently." So saying he picked up his rod and basket and departed, leaving William to ruminate on the curious epidemic of ill-temper that seemed to have fallen on his party.

He was, however, relieved to see that Charles, who was approaching, showed no signs of having caught the infection, though he looked rather thoughtful. They exchanged a few words on indifferent topics (it had now come to be a recognized thing on the house-boat that Gladstone bags, imaginary or real, were excluded from conversation), and William told him of the obvious dissatisfaction of the other three, to which Charles listened with a glad smile. It was pleasant to hear that things were

not going comfortably for the conspirators. Then William went away to fish, leaving Charles to eat his lunch and to wash up.

Charles, as has been intimated, was thoughtful. An incident had occurred during the morning which had caused him to revolve his plans. He had reached the rendezvous in the wood with his two bottles and the glasses, but had not found Mr. Lauriston there, and after waiting for some time had decided that he could not be coming, when a respectable-looking individual with mutton-chop whiskers suddenly appeared and addressed him. "Excuse me, sir, for speaking to you, but might you be the gentleman that is looking for a Gladstone bag?"

Charles asked eagerly if the stranger had seen it. No, the stranger had not seen it, but he brought a message; and then Martin, for it was he, proceeded to tell Charles that Mr. Lauriston much regretted being unable to come that morning, as he was under the urgent necessity of moving his camp. Charles gathered particulars as to the spot chosen for the removal, and learned that it was no other than the old site. Martin, it appeared, who was conveying the boat down-stream, had been privately instructed by Mr. Lauriston to stop and tell Charles of the occurrences on his way. Charles was not too much surprised to remember the duties of hospitality, and he made Martin drink the bottle of beer that had been intended for his master, a feat which he was willing enough to perform. Then he dismissed him with thanks, and an intimation that if he should come across such a thing as a Gladstone bag his services would not be forgotten.

Martin rowed away in his boat meditatively. The Gladstone bag was hard to understand, but it certainly seemed less extraordinary when considered in the attractive light of a possible re-

ward. It became more approximate to those pleasing mysteries with which a benevolent and inexpensive Press entertains an appreciative public, such as the burial of a bag of gold or the mislaying of a lady-journalist; of those things Martin had kept himself informed even though, being a man of small leisure, he had not been able to dig for the one or hunt for the other in Ealing. Accordingly he considered the Gladstone bag more favorably than heretofore, and determined, if possible, to ask his master a few discreet questions.

Charles remained behind on his stump deep in thought, wondering whether he should again try to precipitate a crisis in the affairs of the house-boat or no, and also considering if he still had the power to do so. It had not escaped him that of late his occasional references to his friends in the other camp had been received with considerably less agitation than of old. Talbot, he fancied, had once or twice smiled sardonically, and Majendie and the Admiral had also looked at him in a curious manner. These things had made Charles a little uneasy, for he began to suspect that they knew more than he supposed, and he was now doubtful if he could again raise the cry of *Wolf* with much effect. Moreover a certain physical change had taken place in him; by dint of his arduous daily occupation he was feeling extremely healthy, and two miles did not now seem to him the insuperable obstacle that it had seemed a week ago. He felt indeed that he could walk double the distance without inconvenience, when once he had discovered his property; and then he could return Mr. Lauriston's call, and ultimately enjoy all the sweets of revenge. This train of reflection lasted all the morning, and only after lunch did Charles decide that he would not take any steps at present. His friends need

never know that the other camp had ever moved up stream at all; in certain possible eventualities it might be better that they should not have known it. And with this Charles proceeded to wash up with a quiet mind.

Meanwhile Majendie after his rude words to William had made for the boat, and was just pushing off when the Admiral came up and surveyed him with displeasure. "I want that boat," he said in a tone of haughty determination.

"Well, you won't have it," returned Majendie, gloomily satisfied at the Admiral's discomfiture, and he pushed off.

The Admiral's eye shot ineffectual lightning; instinct told him to dance with rage and hurl maledictions at the Doctor, but instinct is a thing that does not answer in his profession; calm must always be preserved, for thereon hangs dignity. Besides, Majendie had the upper hand. "Unless you want the other bank as well," he said with frigid politeness, "you might put me across. If it will not be taking you too much out of your way," he added in his sixth-form voice.

Majendie grunted out an ungracious assent. "Hurry up, then," he said as he backed the boat into the bank. The Admiral stepped in and the boat moved across the river in silence.

Majendie got out on the other bank, stuck the boat-hook into the turf and tied the painter to it. The Admiral also got out, and then, one turning to the left and the other to the right, they parted without a word. Both being too much offended with the world and with each other to feel any interest in each other's movements, they did not notice that they were both making, by a somewhat circuitous route, for the same stile in the hedge furthest away from the river.

Here it may not be amiss to give some clue to the offence under which they conceived themselves to labor.

Each had that morning had what he chose to consider an appointment; at any rate each had got into the habit of meeting a certain person at a certain place at a certain hour; and each had that morning been disappointed, for the certain person was not there. Nor did the person come, though each waited for some considerable time. This period of waiting had naturally been spent in a review of the situation, with the result that each began to consider himself a very ill-used man. Before, the abstract idea of the certain person's non-arrival might have seemed a trivial circumstance, to be passed over without regret as a slight occasion for surprise; but in the event it assumed more importance and became a matter first for surprise, then regret, and lastly, something approaching consternation, a process which only shows how a habit will take hold of one before one realizes that one has formed it. It was this consternation that had remained, and had been taken for ill-temper by William, and it was this consternation that had brought them across the river, and was leading them to the stile. In a word they were both bent on finding out if possible why the certain person had not come to the trysting-place, and where she was, and all about her, all that is, that could be ascertained by the means at their disposal, which were few. To begin with, they proposed to get as near to the other camp as they could and to reconnoitre; and thus they met again unexpectedly at the stile.

"After you," said the Admiral, still much offended.

"Not at all," Majendie returned in a tone which showed clearly that he did not choose to be beholden to the other even in so small a matter. And for some time they stood in silence looking contemptuously at the stile as though it was not worth crossing. At last it occurred to them both simultaneously that the situation was rather ridiculous,

and they both moved at the same moment. Fortunately the stile was broad, and as having once moved neither would give way, they got over it together.

It then became apparent that they were going the same way. The foot-path led straight across the meadow to a plank bridge which spanned the back-water, here an 'inconsiderable brook, though nearer the river, where the camp was, it broadened out. It was worthy of notice that neither deigned to set foot on the path itself; they preferred to stalk along two yards on either side of it. When they reached the bridge it was plain that they had also reached a crisis, for hereon two men could not walk abreast.

Then it was that Majendie became magnanimous. "This is absurd," he said.

"It is," agreed the Admiral willingly enough.

"William rubs one the wrong way sometimes," Majendie confessed apologetically.

"He does," said the Admiral with feeling.

"After you, old man," continued Majendie, making amends.

"My dear chap," protested the Admiral, but he was constrained to cross the bridge. He waited in renewed friendship for the Doctor to catch him up, reflecting that Majendie was a downright good fellow at bottom. Majendie on the other hand thought, as he followed across the plank, that a man might do much worse than consult the Admiral on a knotty point, for he had a quick judgment and, for all his magisterial moments, a fund of pleasant sympathy.

"Are you going anywhere in particular?" he asked as he reached him.

"Only strolling round," said the Admiral. "I half expected to meet a man," he added for no very clear reason.

"So did I," replied Majendie fraternally. Then a dire misgiving seized him suddenly. What if the Admiral—"What color are your man's eyes?" he demanded in abrupt anxiety.

The misgiving was communicated to the Admiral also, and he could not answer. "What color are yours?" he returned hastily, with a disregard of grammar that he would have gravely censured in one of his pupils.

The suspense was too great. Majendie gave way. "Black," he said, watching his friend's expression eagerly.

The lines of the Admiral's face relaxed and he positively beamed. "Oh, that's all right," he said, "mine are gray or blue, I'm not sure which,—they change so with the light. Anyhow, they're not black."

Majendie pointed interrogatively in the direction of the now deserted camping-ground, which was hidden behind the trees. The Admiral nodded, and then they both laughed very loud and long. When they had somewhat recovered they told their respective tales. "And as I can't understand why she didn't turn up, I was going to spy out the land," concluded Majendie.

"So was I," said the Admiral. And they agreed to reconnoitre in company, setting out in the direction indicated, and amicably exchanging symptoms.

"What would Talbot say?" suddenly exclaimed Majendie, feeling uncomfortable.

"What *wouldn't* he say?" the Admiral agreed. "But he needn't know, if we manage properly. He's not the sort of man to take into one's confidence,—doesn't understand these things."

"He's a bear," Majendie opined.

"Not fit for ladies' society," the Admiral chimed in. "It'll be a score off Charles too." This thought kept them merry until they reached the little copse that cut them off from the camping-ground. Then they proceeded with

great caution, making their way noiselessly among the trees until they came to the other side. The Admiral was a little ahead and Majendie was startled to hear a loud exclamation from him when he emerged from the copse. Flinging caution to the winds he hurried across the last few yards, and together they surveyed with blank faces the spot where the tents had so lately been.

While these things were taking place Talbot was walking along the river bank towards the mill in an extremely cynical frame of mind. It was not so much that his opinion of the sex in general had altered, but that the exception, the one bright exception, had proved herself no more constant than the others. Since the gloomy lunch by the house-boat his movements had been erratic, or would have seemed so to any one not acquainted with their underlying purpose. After that depressing meal he had re-visited the haystack and then the field containing the scarecrow, and had specially reconnoitred a favorite feeding-ground of perch and chub. But his thoughts were not concerned with perch and chub, nor even with Gladstone bags, an equally engrossing subject. She was not there, and had not been there that day.

Talbot was disappointed; he was also indignant. A promise had been made, and according to his ideas promises were things to be kept, especially when made to him. Was it for this, he asked himself, that he had been daily, at much personal sacrifice, getting the brown boots of the magnificent Charles into a shape suited to a foot of reasonable proportions? Was it for this that he had been at pains to make that ingrate's too neat suit presentable by removing its obnoxious appearance of newness? Was it for this,—but women were all alike, and the one consoling feature about the situation was that this afternoon he had not tarried

by the haystack longer than was necessary to make up his mind not to endure discomfort twice in one day. Even then he had a presentiment that Cicely would not come.

While he had begun to revolve the aphorisms of the ungallant sages of old touching the indispensable sex, he suddenly remembered that he had promised William to procure eggs and bacon from the village, a promise that providence evidently meant him to keep, and he left the field with the scarecrow in it, reflecting on the comparative values of truth in its different manifestations. The outcome of his meditations was that men always kept their promise, and women never, and the outcome of this was, again, that women are all alike. This statement, in the male mouth, has seldom been uttered in any true spirit of chivalry. Cicely was a woman after all; and this again, strange to say, was not intended as a compliment. She probably played hockey,—a palpably unjust accusation which immediately recoiled on the accuser. No, she was after all a woman,—the same conclusion, but with a difference. But why?

Talbot ceased to try and reason; the hypothesis, that she was a woman, seemed to answer the question. All the paths of logic and philosophy started from that inevitable hypothesis and led round in a circle to that insufficient conclusion. So he availed himself of the male prerogative and abandoned his mind to indignation. This was the third time that she had failed him, and Talbot was not a patient man. Cicely was manifestly a flirt; but if she thought she could play with him—Talbot left his reflection grimly unfinished. No, he would have no more of

it. She should not find him a tame lap-dog to be whistled to her every whim. He would begin to fish again seriously, and take no further thought of women. Then with human inconsistency he began to think of her more than ever, albeit with bitterness. *This* was the girl whom he had initiated into the mysteries of angling. *This* was the girl for whom he had played traitor to his convictions, this fickle—Talbot's heart overflowed with indignation. However, come what might, he would think of her no more.

Thus resolved he mounted the hill to the farm and demanded eggs in an alarming voice; then he went on to the village shop and savagely enquired about bacon. The obvious terror and mistrust with which he was regarded in both places appeased him a little,—it is always soothing to communicate suffering—and he descended again towards the mill resolved to fish stoically for chub for the rest of the afternoon. Fish, he meditated, have this great advantage over women. If you catch a very large one you can get it stuffed and put in a glass case, with a moral certainty that your neighbor cannot show a finer one. But with a wife it is otherwise; she is not worth stuffing, for almost any of your neighbors can produce one that is larger and finer in every way. He was just extracting the last iota of consolation from this train of argument when he turned round a bush and saw, sitting with her rug and cushions, the rod, basket, and, strange to say, the worm-tin (at some little distance) the inconstant Cicely, her head bent pensively over one hand, and her whole attitude suggestive of graceful melancholy.



**LONDON CLUBS: PAST AND PRESENT.**

Public attention has been attracted of late to Clubs and some discussion aroused concerning club life. It has been urged that London clubs are approaching the grand climacteric, that disease and decay are showing themselves, and that these time-honored institutions, hitherto so full of vigorous growth, are verging upon decline. It would not be difficult to prove that the verdict has been given somewhat hastily and from too limited knowledge and observation. Candidates' waiting lists may be diminishing in some clubs, but hardly in those long established, and where it is the case it is for reasons other than those adduced; such as the competition of the modern restaurant, the prevalence of high play, the lack of sociability and exclusiveness among members, the exclusion of the feminine element, the increase in club tariffs, charges all of which could be largely challenged and refuted. But the club still fills a large space in London society and will no doubt continue to do so in the face of all attack or the alleged dry rot. They are still bound up with the daily needs of a great number who seek in them something more than the gratification of appetite, the card table, the gossip of the smoking-room. Privacy, peace and quiet, friendly converse, and the intelligent exchange of ideas may still be had in good clubs with an assured position, if not in those of mushroom growth and still on their promotion; and it is these last that presumably have evoked most adverse criticism. As a matter of fact the best clubs still flourish on a firm basis; if in some fewer candidates seek election it is because more opportunities offer for admission elsewhere, more clubs in fact exist to compete for members. Really good, high-class clubs still

thrive, few suffer appreciably from the supposed change in social habits; never, or quite rarely, has any club of fair fame closed its doors in recent years. But instead of speculating further as to the future of London clubs it may be more interesting to consider what they have been, how they have increased and multiplied, and what they actually are in these latter days.

For generations past there has been no end to the making of clubs. Every class, every profession, every habit and taste has for the most part its own representative gathering-place; the softer sex will not be denied the joys and benefits thought to be afforded by club facilities, and ladies' clubs flourish in increasing number with growing popularity. Clubs epitomize social movements and ethical changes as the centuries pass. Some of the earliest were formed for purposes that still hold good. Many have had their origin in the desire for pleasant intercourse and the enjoyment of good cheer; the club table is furnished forth with toothsome food, the club cellars still hold choice vintages, although eating and drinking are seldom carried to excess nowadays. Political clubs are as old as the invention of party and still have influence, what though opinions are not so strongly held as in past days and membership is not always strictly governed by political creed. A man will sometimes change his coat rather than his club even at the dictation of a committee aiming at orthodoxy. We have heard of purists perambulating the Reform in search of a true Radical, and statesmen in Conservative Cabinets are still found in Brooks's, that ancient stronghold of Liberalism. Differences are most strongly marked in the purely social club. A few stand pre-eminent,

of assured rank and universally accepted high tone. After them comes a long tail of quite respectable but still mediocre and unpretending establishments. It is counted a great honor to belong to the Marlborough, because election to it is impossible without the *imprimatur* of its august founder. The Royal Yacht Club stands on an even higher pedestal because, if it were conceivable, the King's backing would hardly impose an unwelcome candidate upon the club. The same may be said of the Jockey Club, entrance to which is a passport to the highest place and an unquestionable guarantee of "good form." There are many others jealously guarded by the eclecticism of the ballot-box; a man must be hall-marked, well vouched for, and well backed up to pass the portals of the Travellers', Brooks's, Boodles', White's, the Garrick, Turf, the Portland, St. James, the Beefsteak, Wyndham's, and a few more. Distinction in any field is the only sure warranty for membership of the Athenæum. The peculiar merits applied to the expression "clubbable," the fair assumption that he will be a *persona grata* to his fellows, are indispensable to the candidate for the Garrick. The same qualifications are needed at the Arts and Saville, with an added flavor of fondness for literary, scientific, or artistic pursuits. The Service clubs maintain their character more or less unchanged although cliquism is not unknown in them, so do the learned, if the University clubs may be so called. A great development in the theatrical profession has led to the foundation of clubs like the Green-room, the Playgoer, and the "O.P." The sporting clubs vary somewhat, perhaps, in the games to which they are addicted; but good taste, to say nothing of the law, exercises a chastening effect on speculation, and the days of the old gambling clubs, when fortunes were made and lost in a night.

have disappeared entirely into the limbo of the "has beens."

There are cakes and ale still, even if we become virtuous; Bohemian clubs still prosper, and greatly increase in favor. Some remain true to the conditions under which they were created and are still ragged but jovial, as unspilled as the potatoes in their jackets that flank the smoking chops and foaming flagons, the buck rarebits, the cold pork and port wine that are among their favorite viands. Others have taken to dress suits and the entertainments of persons of the nicest consideration. We can never forget one old haunt of roystering character, nor the story of the demure country parson who, arriving by a night train, appeared seeking breakfast and was told by a sleepy waiter that no suppers were served after 6 a.m. It is of the same club that another story is told of a member who dropped a five-pound note on the floor in the writing-room, and, hurrying back when he discovered his loss, found a waiter had picked it up and restored it, remarking sententiously, "Lucky one of the members did not see it." The emancipation of another club which shall be nameless from the thralldom of a clique that threatened to ruin it is a story worth recording. By an assumption of authority perfectly illegal one half assembled in a general meeting and decreed to expel the other half, which was presently done, and the remnant carried the club on afterwards very creditably. The chief risk run by these "outside" shows, is that of degeneracy in devious ways, the intrusion and supremacy of evil elements, and the possible interference of the police.

As time passed and the years grew on into the nineteenth century the character of clubs changed, and many were started to meet particular needs and the desires of various constituencies. The Alfred, created in 1808, was the

prototype and precursor of the Athenæum for men of letters, travellers, and *dilettanti*. It had its first home in Albemarle Street, and in its early days was called by the Lord Dudley of the period the "asylum of dotting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs." Lord Byron, on the other hand, who was a member, tells us that "it was pleasant, a little too sober and literary." Lord Alvanley was at one time a member and said once at White's: "I stood it as long as I could, but when the seventeenth bishop was proposed I gave in: I really could not enter the place without being put in mind of my catechism." It may be added that the bishops are reported to have taken their names off the list when a billiard table was introduced into the club. The Travellers' originally started in 1814. It was planned by Lord Castle-reagh to "serve as a resort for gentlemen who had resided or travelled abroad and at the same time to offer hospitality to foreigners temporarily in this country." The qualification was to the effect that candidates must have "travelled out of the British Isles to a distance of at least five hundred miles from London in a straight line," and the rule still stands, although not rigorously enforced in our days. It is still esteemed as one of the first clubs in London in popularity and social prestige.

The oldest "Service" club in England and probably in the world was the Royal Naval Club, which appears to have been first created in 1674, when Admiral Sir John Kempthorne became the first steward of the institution. It was renewed in 1785 and became the Royal Naval Club, which exists to this day and regularly celebrates its meeting by dining together at Willis's Rooms. The club was organized on the plan of the convivial clubs of early days, but was limited exclusively to naval officers. The names of the most

famous admirals and others have been borne on its list of members. Bosca-wen, Rodney, and, later, Nelson and Sir Philip Durham belonged to it, while William IV., when Duke of Clarence, who had an unfailing affection for his old service, was constantly to be seen there. The first club for the services combined, and hence called the United Service Club, was founded by that famous old Scotch hero, Sir Thomas Graham, who afterwards became Lord Lynedoch, in conjunction with Viscount Hill and other officers, on the 31st May, 1815. It was then named the General Military Club, and, having been opened to naval officers also in January the following year, the title of the United Service Club was adopted in December, 1816. It has come to be generally known as the "Senior" in contradistinction to the "Junior," founded in 1827 and therefore the second oldest Service club in England. Two other Service clubs now flourish with robust vitality, the Army and Navy and Naval and Military, but both of these were considerably later in their formation, the first in 1839 and the second not before 1864. It may be mentioned here that the Senior and Junior United Service, the Army and Navy, or "Rag," have long been distinctively known by the three nicknames of "Cripplegate," "Billingsgate," and "Hellgate." The United Service got its appellation from the supposed advanced years and infirmity of its members, a peculiarity which has long since disappeared, for now the club takes in officers of all ranks and the average age of its members runs the lowest of the three. The day is long past since the hall porter fiercely pursued, with a view to summary ejection, a young commander of the navy, who owing to the rapidity of modern promotion had gained admittance prematurely, as it seemed to the old official. The second sobriquet was earned by the Junior United Service by its sup-

posed addiction to strong language. Its members were asserted to be the direct descendants of that famous army which swore in Flanders. The third was said at one period of its long and honorable record to be rather given to high play, and the character was supposed to have led the Duke of Cambridge to threaten to resign. Probably an apocryphal story; at least the threat certainly was never carried into effect.

A club of ancient origin which became more famous in after life and still holds a foremost place is the Union in Trafalgar Square. It came into existence in the early part of 1805 and was on the point of being named the Cumberland, as its first meetings were held in a house of that name. The exact basis on which it was formed is uncertain, but from the name chosen it was clearly intended to represent many sections of the community and was neither ultra-fashionable nor purely political. The principal promoter of the Athenæum Club is said to have been John Wilson Croker when Secretary of the Admiralty, as a home for men distinguished in literature, science, and the arts. A preliminary meeting was convened in 1824 and attended by Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Thomas Laurence, Sir Walter Scott, and Tom Moore, while Professor Faraday acted as secretary. A letter is extant from Lord Lansdowne in reply to Moore consenting to join "if Croker will keep the club select, lest it should be overrun with pretenders, than whom there is nowhere a more odious race." The name of the club was to have been the Society, but it was soon changed to the Athenæum. The character of the constituency has been studiously maintained at the high level on which it started. The judicious rule that empowers the committee to bring in eminent persons by special election has promoted this, and the club has always included the fine flower of London society, clerical, political,

scientific, literary, and artistic. Cabinet Ministers, great ecclesiastics, leaders in the law, Royal Academicians, historians, novelists, inventors, prominent soldiers and sailors, are cordially invited and glad to accept membership. Indeed, those admitted to the inner penetralia of the club may rub shoulders with the men who make history and leave their mark upon the age. It has been calculated in this regard that sixty-nine members of the Athenæum have been buried in Westminster Abbey and thirty-two in St. Paul's. How far the Ministers of the day frequented it is seen in the custom of one Cabinet (that of 1836) which had a weekly dinner in the club on Wednesdays. The bill of fare was always supposed to include "Cabinet pudding," and it is said that on the last occasion when the members of the Government met, after it had fallen, the same pudding was ordered, but it was to be made without plums. The predominance of bishops in a measure still obtains, but they are not perhaps so numerous as when the club was styled Bishopsgate. Abraham Hayward once remarked that "bishops are beginning to swarm, the atmosphere is full of them, and I expect every moment to see one drop into my soup." Yet those ecclesiastics were not too liberal-minded, for when Bishop Colenso visited England his admission to the Athenæum as an honorary member was violently opposed by the bishops.

Officers, civil and military, returning home from Indian service on furlough during the two first decades of the nineteenth century had no regular house of call. Although there existed several small clubs for them, such as the "Calcutta," the "Madras," the "Bombay" and the "China" Clubs, none were much more than news-rooms. Sir John Malcolm in 1822 called the Oriental into being, and it soon won wide support. It is interesting among other

reasons that Thackeray's Colonel Newcome was drawn from a type found in the Oriental, and Sir William Hunter has fixed the original in Colonel John Dowdeswell Shakespeare, and others believe him to have been one of two brothers Carmichael Smith. Serious competition arose when the East India United Service Club was started, and there was some talk of their amalgamation. The Alfred, already mentioned, when moribund, also proposed to coalesce with the Oriental.

The Garrick Club was instituted in 1831 with the avowed purpose of "bringing together the patrons of the drama and its professors and to offer literary men a rendezvous." It owed its birth very largely to the exertions of Mr. Frank Mills and Mr. Henry Broadwood, and was first established at 35, King Street, Covent Garden, within a stone's throw of the "Market." The neighborhood was at one time most fashionable; all manner of notabilities lived in it, people of rank, wits, men of genius, artists of eminence, and famous *littérateurs*. One of the original members who served for many years on the committee was the Rev. Richard Barham, the world-renowned author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. He wrote also a strange account of many of his fellow-members which was privately printed long afterwards. The Garrick has always gathered within its folds all the notabilities of their generation from the creation of the club to the present day. Thackeray, whose sensitiveness was so delicate that he brought about the expulsion of Edmund Yates for having offended against the law of privacy, used the club constantly as a preserve in which he bagged his characters, and it was well known at the time he was writing *Pendennis* that a fellow-member, Archdeckene, sat for the portrait of Foker and was very proud of it. Theodore Hook was fond of the Garrick and Sydney Smith came there

often, and his son, known to his death as "Assassin" Smith, not for his murderous tastes, but because he was at one time closely connected with the fortunes of a horse of that name, was to be constantly seen glowering from a chair in the smoking-room.

The Carlton Club was born in 1832 and began in a house in Carlton Gardens, then built itself its present handsome home in Pall Mall, which is a copy of Sansovino's Library of St. Mark's in Venice. It was essentially a Tory house. The Reform Club was an answer from the Liberal party, another beautiful edifice taken from the Farnese Palace in Rome, of which Michael Angelo was the author. The Reform has enjoyed a great reputation for the excellence of its *cuisine*, its kitchen having long been presided over by that eminent *ordon bleu*, Alexis Soyer, a half forgotten name nowadays outside the annals of gastronomy. Soyer first came to England on a visit to his brother, who was *chef* to the old Duke of Cambridge, son of George III., and soon after took service with various noblemen in turn until he was appointed *chef* to the Reform Club. He was a man of original character and "composed" dishes with great inventiveness, after the manner of his representative in fiction, the Mirabolant whom Thackeray brought into *Pendennis*. Soyer's fame was so great that he was imported into the social movements of the time. He was sent to Ireland during the great famine to teach the starving people how to dine on nothing at all, and again, at the worst period of the Crimean winter, it was hoped that he might make up for defective commissariat arrangements by his gastronomic conjuring. But the most excellent receipts hardly availed much in the dearth of sufficient materials. When Soyer left the Reform he was succeeded as *chef* by Francatelli.

In 1837 the pressure upon the waiting



lists of the United Service and Junior Service Clubs was so great and the hopes of election so small that a number of officers, headed by Sir Edward Barnes, resolved to establish a new Service club. It was to be called the Army Club and to be open to all officers on full or half pay. The Duke of Wellington, however, when invited to become patron, declined to accept the office or become a member unless naval officers and officers of the Royal Marines were also made eligible for membership. His Grace's condition was deemed just and the result was the Army and Navy Club. The first premises occupied were the house at the corner of King Street and St. James's Square, that numbered 16, which had been recently vacated by another club, the Oxford and Cambridge or Old University Club. The Army and Navy remained for some years at No. 16, but in 1848 the present freehold premises were built on the model of the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice. It was in the early days of the club, when it was the home of men whose names are fast fading out of memory, that it obtained its universally known sobriquet of the "Rag." Its godfather was the famous "Billy" Duff, who had been a captain in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers and who in his time was both the terror and amusement of London. "Billy" Duff's museum contained a very heterogeneous collection of articles, curiously and sportively acquired, from the shirt pins of his personal friends to the door knockers and area bells of London householders. It is recorded that on one occasion "Billy" Duff entered the clubhouse late and called for supper. The bill of fare was so meagre that he angrily declared it was a "rag and famish affair." The nickname caught on, and was quickly known and appreciated as a good joke both in the club and out of it. Captain Duff was himself so pleased with it that he soon

afterwards designed the club button, which was at one time worn by many members of the club in evening dress.

The Conservative Club, and afterwards the Junior Carlton, were called into existence to relieve the long waiting list at the Carlton. The St. James's Club has served largely for the admission of the diplomatic body and foreigners of distinction. The stagnation in the Service clubs led to the formation of the Naval and Military in the early 'sixties. It began in a small way with junior officers for the most part who occupied a house in Clifford Street, which was soon outgrown as its vogue increased and many members joined. They were mostly the more youthful and promising officers, commonly called "spring captains" in those days, and it long maintained the character of youthfulness which is now becoming a tradition of the past. The subalterns have developed into colonels and generals, and candidature prolonged into ten or a dozen years forbids much hope of election to junior officers. A special interest attaches to the Naval and Military from the house it chose. When increasing numbers necessitated a move, Cambridge House in Piccadilly was taken, which must ever be associated with the name of Lord Palmerston, who resided in it for a generation or more and made it the centre of political action and social festivity. The exterior of the house remains unchanged, the courtyard at the entrance, which has given it the name of the "In and Out" Club, is as it was when the whole world of London high life drove up to Lady Palmerston's hospitable doors; the drawing-room on the first floor is a little changed from the days of her great entertainments, but a complete transformation has been worked below in the ground floor, where the old garden, partly intact, and the old stables have been cleverly added to the accommodation of the members. The present



coffee-room is perhaps unique in club architecture. It stands apart from the main building, and the main club escapes the savory odors that invade others on the old plan. In the Junior Carlton, by the way, the kitchen is at the top of the house and the coffee-room on the first floor.

Club life in its many and varied aspects is more or less familiar to the public, for it is lived pretty well by all; but the inner working, the machinery of administration, the business details and intricate arrangements that exist to secure the comfort and well-being of the whole body of members are only known to those who are behind the scenes. The governing principle is of course finance. It is to be feared that the task of reconciling income with expenditure daily becomes more difficult with clubs. There is on the one hand a general increase in prices, and on the other a steady decrease in the purchasing power of money, coupled with an almost invincible dislike of club members to the payment of increased subscriptions. The latter may indeed at no remote date bring things to a deadlock, for, as we know, the courts have decided that a club is entitled to resist any attempt on the part of the committee to increase its funds except by a general plebiscite or unanimous expression of its sovereign will. So, although faced by an outlay constantly growing day by day, the revenue remains the same, and is indeed continually falling behind, steadily growing less equal to the demands imposed upon it. Some ingenious expedients have been devised for remedying this, such as the increased rating of new members, in enlarged entrance fees, and additional subscriptions, but there is naturally a limit to this, and the practice of having two classes of members paying different dues must always be open to objection. Yet the problem remains how best to meet the steadily increasing charges

under all heads. In regard to rent and taxes for instance, the burden is becoming nearly intolerable. The adoption of new comforts following scientific development has involved larger annual expenditure; the introduction of passenger lifts has become a necessity in the great clubs; the provision of telephonic service, and the installation and maintenance of electric light have added much to the yearly outgoings. The price of provisions grows higher and higher, and the maximum return recovered from the consumers is soon reached, or there would be chronic discontent in the clubs. One way or another, the successful conduct of a club calls for expert skill, not always within reach under the prevailing system of management in all but proprietary establishments, where of course an outsider, the contractor, protects himself first and the club is mulcted proportionately.

The system of club administration has been slowly and carefully evolved through the slow process of years, and it may be interesting to describe it in some detail. Revenue, as has been said, is a matter of the first and crucial importance. Its chief sources are the entrance fees from new members and the annual subscriptions exacted from all. Most of the great clubs are agreed upon these points and the charges imposed vary very little in clubs of the first rank. The payments exacted for the privilege of membership run on much the same lines; fees for admission range between twenty and forty guineas or pounds, the subscriptions may be seven, eight, even ten or twelve guineas per annum. Some clubs own their own freeholds, encumbered it may be with debentures and mortgages, but the land value in these days of marvellous West End "betterment" is going up by leaps and bounds. Hence the corresponding increase of imperial and parochial taxation, which

has grown into a grievous burden. Clubs less happily placed are weighted with the provision of sinking funds to meet premiums for renewal of leases in the far or near future. One class of receipts, the annual subscriptions, are exactly calculable from the generally fixed number of members; another, that accruing from the fees for admission, are ever variable. It may be estimated that the average income of a large club amounts to between ten and twenty thousand pounds a year.

The first and most serious outlay after the rent or its equivalent is the cost of the staff; first the superior supervising officers and next the great body of servants, high and low, upon whose attention and care the ease and comforts of the members entirely depend. After the secretary and manager and his clerical assistants, who are usually well paid, the heaviest item of expenditure is on the kitchen, which is run upon large, liberal, and it might sometimes seem rather extravagant lines. The *chef* is not a cheap artist; between £200 and £300 a year is, on the average, the salary paid him, and he is only one, the chief *officier de bouche*, who cannot get on without a number of more or less expensive assistants. The restaurant, or "coffee-room" as it is still styled, following the ancient practice, is closely allied to and dependent on the kitchen. It carries as a rule the chief burden of the wages under the head of household. All the servants are charged against it, and the comparative cost day by day of their board is accepted as the test of the economical working or otherwise of the restaurant, which again is governed by the amount of business done. When the takings are good, when many meals have been consumed, that is to say, more cooked food has been prepared, there is a larger supply for the servants' table, with a corresponding saving in the additional quantity

that may be required. In the height of the season, when the club is alive and full, the servants' board will fall to zero and may even show at less than nothing; in dull times the charge will rise to six, seven, eight, even twelve and fourteen shillings per week; the yearly average being, as a rule, in well-managed clubs, about five or six. The weight laid upon the coffee-room exchequer will in a measure explain the absence of profits. An outside *restaurateur* is not called upon to provide a librarian and a bath-man, several smoking-room waiters, billiard markers and card-room attendants, a housekeeper with her staff of still-room maids, a house superintendent and a staff of waiters, much more numerous than the bare requirements. Some profit may accrue, however, from another branch of the coffee-room, the wine cellar. The returns from the sale of wine bought by judicious management may become a very valuable asset. A far-seeing committee may lay down early, and at reasonable cost, the vintages that will some day stand high in the market, so that members may drink them when ripe at much less than market price. Nor is it always necessary to provide cash; wine merchants are willing enough to secure the order and get the cellarage space for wines ripening, to be paid for as consumed. But losses will sometimes accrue to the club on the wine account. Taste changes continually; some wines as the years pass grow into popularity while others are neglected. Champagne seems likely perpetually to maintain its vogue, but port has gone out and come in again, replacing sherry, no longer in general request, and there is not much demand for vintage clarets. Twenty years ago a great West End club offered for sale among its members a large stock of "Exhibition" or "51" port at quite a nominal price, eager to dispose of a wine that nowadays is all but priceless. The same

process will be repeated probably with the high-class Laffittes and Margaux, for which the demand is so scanty that many cellars are being cleared of them. Perhaps in this particular the change is more permanent, for it has followed the now universal custom of smoking at the earliest possible moment after the cloth is drawn. In this matter of smoking most great clubs are very conservative and limit the indulgence in tobacco to the rooms set apart for it; the cigarette after dinner before rising from table is seldom if ever permitted, although the practice obtains in private houses, pretty well everywhere, and in many high-class restaurants.

It has been well said that the history of clubs is the history of London manners since the Restoration. The changes in tastes, habits, and customs are plainly reflected in club life. In early times the vice of gaming found its principal outlet in the clubs, many of which were indeed started with that particular intention. Nowhere did bacchanal self-indulgence find greater and more deplorable scope than in the clubs. At one time, to be overcome in liquor called for no shocked comment. Contemporary records, diaries, and journals preserve for us with photographic exactness the manners of those past times. We read that some prominent person, a duke perhaps, a statesman, or a notable man of fashion, "came into the club this evening very drunk"; conduct, which to-day would have been followed by the well-merited penalty of expulsion, passed unnoticed as quite a matter of course. It will be seen from the accounts of some of the earlier clubs that the conviviality which was their chief *raison d'être* degenerated into mere license, and one of the principal tests of a man's fitness for the society into which he was admitted was that of being a good bottle companion of unlimited capacity.

A curious characteristic of the earlier

days of club life was the almost universal practice of snuff-taking, and its very slow replacement by the use of tobacco. It was part of a gentleman's education to manipulate a snuff-box elegantly, and the possession of a number of costly specimens of these receptacles was indispensable explaining why snuff-boxes of every variety, in gold, silver, enamelled and jewel encrusted, are nowadays so largely found among the curiosities of the collector. There were snuff boxes kept full in every room in the club house, and the frequent call for it by an irritable old member was one of the hits in Bulwer Lytton's play, *Money*. The supply of snuff was made gratis to members. The cost amounted to £20 or £30 a year, and as the indulgence in tobacco in this form gradually gave way to that of smoking the expenditure was thought unnecessary. It seems to be very little understood how slowly indulgence in tobacco made its way. The absence of any provision for smoking in the club accommodation was long noticeable; either there was no smoking-room at all; or the most meagre arrangements were made for indulging in it. There was no smoking-room at the Athenæum for some time after its foundation; a room for the use of tobacco was omitted from the first plan of the Reform Club; there was no provision for it in the original Oriental, and permission to smoke within the walls was not accorded for some forty years although a constant bone of contention between opposing factions all that time. The persistent resistance of the non-smokers to any improvement in the smoking-room of the Alfred is said to have been the cause of the breaking up of that club. The room was at the top of the house and stigmatized as an "infamous hole," but the committee would make no concession and the club was eventually closed, although perfectly solvent, and produced a good balance-sheet at the

very last. The bare tolerance of the weed and the marked distaste for it among those who claimed to be cultured and refined lasted till very recent years, and many of the passing generation must have a lively recollection of banishment to the purlieus of the stable yard and the lower regions of kitchen and basement when guests at country houses were desirous of indulging in tobacco. Whatever the reason, and some attribute it to the late Queen Victoria's dislike to it, the practice of smoking was of slow growth in society. The restrictions placed upon it, as just shown, were severe, and in medical opinion it was very generally condemned as obnoxious and deleterious. The clergy disapproved of it, and very few among them ventured to yield openly to its temptations. It was not considered good form to smoke in the streets, and a cigar (cigarettes were not known till long afterwards) was not tolerated in the presence of ladies. It is probably forgotten that smoking was not permitted in regimental mess-rooms and barracks until 1856, nor, strange as it may seem, that no one might smoke in the public rooms and platforms of railway stations, and the smoking carriage is a concession of comparatively recent date.

Agitation for permission to smoke began in clubs about the 'thirties, but the demand came from the minority, who were constantly outvoted. Although the newer institutions permitted it, the houses were generally planned with very meagre accommodation for smoking, and it was not until 1845 that White's gave up a room for it. It is generally supposed that the stimulus towards the use of tobacco followed the Great Exhibition of 1851, when so many foreigners of good rank and position were in our midst and were constantly to be seen smoking in the streets and other public places. At White's, as time passed, the clamor for

more space grew among smokers. In spite of great opposition arrangements were made to give over the billiard-room, and in 1850 a proposal was made to permit smoking in the drawing-room, a place hitherto held sacred and subjected to rules of very formal decorum. The proposal was carried but not acted upon, as the committee still deferred to the powerful minority. They thought it better to make some other arrangement, and it was suggested to the proprietors that they should build a room on purpose. But nothing was done. In 1856 there was a fresh uprising, and the discontented smokers insisted upon convening a fresh meeting to discuss the ever-burning question. Parties mustered strongly; old members who had hardly visited the club were dragged in to support the "No tobacco" party, and a resolution to permit smoking in the drawing-room put forward by the younger members was lost by a substantial majority. At this time, Mr. Burke, the historian of White's, is of opinion that, "by inducing the club to come to this decision the old school of White's made a grave mistake; they certainly took a step which had a great influence upon the subsequent fortunes of the club." It was about this time that the present King, as Prince of Wales, was on the point of taking his place as principal personage in London life; and he honored White's by signifying his intention of becoming a member of the club. Very naturally he favored the new view and had already become a partisan in the tobacco controversy, giving his adherence to the smokers. In due course His Royal Highness joined White's, but soon afterwards encouraged the formation of a club with more liberal ideas, and the Marlborough, within a few yards of his own residence, came into existence under his auspices and has since always enjoyed his august patronage and sup-

port. The triumph of new ideas might be seen in the regulations of the new club, which permitted smoking in every part of the house except the dining-room.

Another marked change instituted in the customs of clubland has been in the admission of visitors from outside—the non-members who have been constantly styled “strangers” to signify that they were altogether outside the pale, trespassers in short, to be treated with scant ceremony, if not kept entirely at bay. The very name of the meagre apartment provided for them was “Aceldama,” or the “field to bury strangers in.” A few only have maintained this extreme exclusiveness to the present day. The Guards’ Club positively forbids any strangers to enter its door, as does the “Beefsteak” of to-day. The Carlton will allow them to pass its threshold but not to go beyond the great hall; the Athenæum has allotted a small chamber near the entrance where members may give interviews to passing friends and callers. The United Service Club was no less exclusive till quite recent days, but will now admit visitors to a large part of the house, including the coffee-room, where they may be entertained, but still in strictly limited numbers. Neither the Carlton nor the Athenæum is disposed to give way on this point, although the latter allows a member to give a formal dinner party in the morning-room, converted for the time being into a house dining-room and at which a maximum of a dozen guests may be hospitably welcomed. The Travellers’ will permit strangers to dine, but not during the Parliamentary session; the Oxford and Cambridge allows six members to entertain two guests each, upon giving sufficient notice. At the Garrick a member may introduce three friends to the Strangers’ Coffee-Room for dinner, or two for luncheon or supper, but not more than five times in

each year. More liberal rules prevail with regard to the Saturday night suppers, and the somewhat uncommon privilege of giving luncheon parties to ladies in a special room is now conceded at the Garrick.

The admission of ladies is not generally approved of in the older masculine clubs. The story goes that a very masterful member in one of the best military clubs brought his wife to dine, and when challenged asked for the book of rules, in which he triumphantly pointed to that which gave the permission to invite a friend and made no specific reservation as to sex. He was no doubt right as to the strict letter of the law, but yielded on the question of good taste. Hospitality extending to female diners is not yet adopted, except in the clubs specially constituted to include both sexes, such as the Albemarle, which consists of 800 members, male and female in equal numbers and is used jointly by them, except that ladies are not admitted to the two front smoking-rooms. At the Grosvenor there is a ladies’ drawing-room for the friends of members and luncheon, dining and supper rooms exclusively reserved for ladies, also a ladies’ tea-room for members and their lady guests, where coffee and liquors may be served them after dinner. A lady is permitted to enter alone and use the club if known to and recognized by the hall porter as the wife of a member or on production of a letter from some member. The East India United Service Club in St. James’s Square opens its doors to ladies for luncheon in the guests’ room at all times save when the club is crowded; they may partake of the club fare as shown upon the day’s *menu*, the one condition being that they should leave the house before 6 p.m. A liberal spirit prevails nowadays in many clubs which place few restrictions upon the admission of visitors. The Naval and Military was one of the first



to throw the house open to them; practically they were permitted to share the general members' coffee-room, a privilege conceded in part by the Junior United Service and the "Rag," and, as has been said, by the Senior.

The conduct and personal demeanor of members are for the most part governed by usage and custom, varying somewhat from time to time, following written and unwritten rules. It is an accepted principle that no "vails" or "tips" shall be given by members to the servants of the club; a stringent regulation to that effect will be found in almost all books of rules. But there is a commendable practice of opening a subscription at Christmas-tide for a fund to be divided amongst the whole number. Again, members are forbidden, often expressly, but always by the practice of the club, to personally reprimand servants; a representation must be made to the secretary or committee, with whom the disciplinary management entirely rests. Two good stories in this regard are told in Mr. Baillie's history of the Oriental Club.

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In one case a member was dissatisfied with the Gruyère cheese, calling it French, not Swiss, and he insisted that the waiter who had brought it to him should taste it. The waiter demurred, and the member complained of his misconduct to the committee. But the governing body took the waiter's part, conceiving rightly, as we must all allow, that it was no part of the waiter's duty to act as cheese taster. In the second case a member removed his boots before the library fire and presently walked off in his stockinged feet into another room. The library waiter finding the ownerless boots took them away, and the member on his return was so greatly annoyed that he stormed at the waiter, speaking to him, according to the waiter's evidence, "very strong." Here again the committee, to whom it was referred, sided with the waiter. Every member with the commonest spark of gratitude and good feeling will as a rule side with the waiter, who richly deserves Thackeray's encomiums as "the civillest, the kindest, the patientest of men."

*Arthur Griffiths.*

## A RAMBLE IN THE ABRUZZI:

### I.—SULMONA MARKET.

Every visitor to Rome knows the "models," dressed, or supposed to be dressed, in the peasant costumes which were once common in all parts of Italy. Nowadays they are little worn. However, one morning in the year 1900, the Holy Year, I encountered near the Piazza Montanara a string of pilgrims dressed in bravery of scarlet and white which far outshone the eked-out and adapted fancy costumes of the models. I demanded eagerly whence these persons had come, and was told, "From the Abruzzi." The Abruzzi are not very distant from Rome, but it was not till last year that I succeeded in getting

there. I went straight to Sulmona, town of the beautiful name, the birth-place of Ovid and consecrated to the Muses—town which, in the matter of situation, can have few rivals. Italian and mediæval, it is built, of course, on a hill. Its immediate surroundings are steeped in green fertility, watered by many streams. At a respectful distance stand great mountains, snow-capped in the winter. Most conspicuous are the Gran Sasso, an angry precipice which hangs over Aquila, and great Maiella, of which we read in d'Annunzio's beautiful "Figlia di Iorio." Down the valley rushes the



river Gizio. Never was town so wealthy in water as fair Sulmona. The plashing of fountains, the gurgle of runnels and streamlets, form the background of every other noise.

Strapping peasant girls march all day and in every street with huge copper jars, filled to the brim with water, on their heads. In my inn water was laid on with a vengeance. Taps dripped at every hour of night and day. Whole districts of the house suggested nothing so much as autumnal inundations.

I arrived at Sulmona on Friday. Saturday was market-day and I was early astir. Can there be a more beautiful market in all beautiful Italy? I doubt it.

The Piazza Garibaldi (alas, for the modernized name!) is an immense empty space surrounded by quaint houses. At one end a broad stair leads to the main street. Crossing its steps and cutting off a corner of the Piazza are the arches of a ruined thirteenth-century aqueduct. Above the stair a Romanesque doorway once gave ingress to a church, now to a meat-market. Effect of an earthquake, says the omniscient Baedeker; but it is the kind of thing which happens in this utilitarian, anti-religious age. Peasants are always to be seen sitting on those broad steps under the ruined arches. In the market-place there are always a few little stalls, where patient saleswomen chatter together and are rejoiced if you purchase a ha'porth of grapes or a penny jug. But on Saturday the whole place is alive. The Piazza has become a town with streets edged by booths and crowded by a surging mass of persons and animals. I saw farmers and laborers, pedlars and costermongers, metal-hammerers and writers of love-letters. I was jostled by Punch and Judy, and again by a patent-invention advertiser. All commodities were on sale, from mattresses to chickens, from tomatoes to sewing-machines, from

bound books to scraps of rusty iron a quarter of an inch square. All the people and all the things moved about incessantly. The wares travelled round upon trays on the women's heads, and in the trays were fruit and vegetables, lambs and turkeys, umbrellas and pitchforks. The seller calls her wares in an even, monotonous voice, and is ready at half a wink to lay her tray at your feet and transfer all its contents to your arms. I nearly bought a five-days old kid, and I did acquire, out of pure negligence, a lapful of hot and greasy cakes which ensured my immediate popularity in the dense crowd of children who formed my attentive and inalienable bodyguard.

As for the donkeys, they walk whither they will. They thrust soft noses under your arm and devour your sunshade. If they tread on you, you administer a shove. If you attempt a photograph, they surround you in an inquisitive circle and obliterate the view. I suppose the owners know their own beasts and occasionally cast an eye upon them; it appeared to me that if I had been in need of a donkey, nothing would have been easier than just to take one.

The whole air is pervaded by cries. Wild birds are calling overhead, caged goldfinches answer from the houses. Unfortunate cocks, tied by the legs and flung on a heap, feebly admonish their wives; the donkeys bray ceaselessly with the long-drawn note which is so suggestive of internal agony; the turkeys gobble and hiss; the children yell; bargainners quarrel and blaspheme, shaking their fists in each other's faces, thumping on the frail woodwork of the stalls, rolling the potatoes and *pepperoni* over the ground in simulated fury. A man selling bolsters by auction rings a bell uproariously, calls the bidding in a voice fit to crack the heavens, and now and then leaps high in the air, to the imminent peril of his crazy rostrum.

The joy of Sulmona market is that all these people are in costume, and really no two of them are alike. I speak chiefly of the women; the men are less splendid than those whom I saw later at Isola Liri. But the women—and oh, such handsome women! So tall, so haughty—with the carriage of queens; with the flashing eyes, the white teeth, the pillar-like throats, the finely moulded limbs, which bespeak health and purity of breed. I doubt if there are metaphysicians among them, casuists, or questioners looking before and after, pining for what is not. Such persons belong to cities, to progress, to the divine discontent which mars and makes the world; such persons have muddy complexions; and when we give up carrying water-jars on our heads and take to writing and needlework, then we stoop, and grow myopic, flat-chested and feeble-hearted, unable to walk without staggering, or to shout without growing hoarse. Not so the women of Sulmona. They are splendid animals; and, I doubt not, have hot hearts and sharpness of intellect enough for their daily needs; souls, too, sufficient to carry them to church on Sundays and to comfort and hearten them when the hour comes for leaving fair Sulmona and entering the dim, chill valley of the great shadow.

"Do the people die often in your country?" one of them asked me—strange, wistful, prosaic question, which yet had in it the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Let me attempt a description of a few of the dresses.

There was the girl from Pacentro. She wore a *toraglia* on her head—a great snowy floating veil of white linen edged with lace, folded over the brow and hanging loose behind—white sleeves and a brilliant kerchief tucked into her dark-blue, pink-lined stays, which were loosely laced with an orange ribbon. Under the kerchief was

a white chemisette cut very low at the throat and showing a gold necklace. Her skirt was russet, her apron blue. On her head she carried the usual round wooden tray shaped like a sieve, bottom and walls tied together in primitive fashion with knotted leather.

Another, from Introdacqua: white *toraglia*, immense, and rising in a point above the forehead, crimson bodice, red sleeves tied to the bodice with ribbon bows, striped skirt, white lace chemisette and coral necklace. On her arm she bore a baby wrapped in scarlet, and she led a little Cupid by the hand, disguised in a long blue coat and trousers, a red vest and a battered black hat.

But most beautiful by far was the old woman from Genzano. She was thin, but not emaciated. She had thick wavy gray hair, clear dark skin and very large, very soft blue eyes. She wore a scarlet cloth, called *fascia trella*, over her white *toraglia*, blue velvet bodice and blue sleeves, tied at the shoulder with knots of flame-colored ribbon. She leaned eagerly towards a fortune-teller, who, mounted on a throne with a pack of cards, was whispering to her in the centre of an inquisitive crowd.

I wondered what the gray-haired woman was learning from the sorceress. It must have been more than the usual commonplaces for her children and grandchildren. It must have been something personal, I had almost said questionable, to evoke that mystic look, that restrained excitement, that half-terrified, hot interest which showed in the blue eyes. She moved away as if in a dream, her gaze on the ground, her ears deafened to the Babel around. She seated herself dully by her little stall, buying or selling no more. Her face haunts me. She might have been a sibyl or a pythoness; nay, a spirit, unsatisfied and homeless, in that crowd of bright-faced, strong-limbed, good-hearted materialists and utilitarians.

## II.—SCANNO.

Scanno was certainly the most interesting place I visited in the Abruzzi. Others may exist equally attractive; but limitations of time and of weather, of enterprise and of pence, prevented me from discovering them. I had, however, learned from some book or person that Scanno had fine scenery. Vaguely I wandered forth into the wilderness for to see.

An early train from Sulmona took me to the wayside station of Anversa. There I climbed to the box-seat of a crazy *diligence*. It was drawn by three small black horses, their harness tied together with string and dotted here and there with odd little tufts of fur. It took three-quarters of an hour to get the three passengers and the half-dozen post-bags stowed away in the conveyance. At last the postman-driver clambered to his perch, cracked his whip mightily, and we were off, lumbering and shambling along an excellent road constructed some fifteen years ago. Formerly Scanno was connected with the world only by a mule-path skirting the river Sagittario. The postman described it as an intolerably dangerous route, wandering among precipices, hanging over the bottomless abyss, overwhelmed by avalanches and inundations. Even on the new road he seemed apprehensive of wolves and brigands, and carried a revolver. I looked eagerly for these interesting enemies; but, alas! even at Scanno adventures have become rare as the visits of angels.

The landscape began to be beautiful at once. Anversa the town, three miles from its station—the scene of d'Annunzio's *Fiaccola sotto il Moggio*—nestles in a nook of barren mountains, which, in the morning light, show all the most delicate shades of violet and blue. White clouds float dreamily about their summits. Great Mafella towers behind.

Anversa itself is dark, irregular, frowning, with walls and towers and castles unchanged since the thirteenth century.

Having delivered the post-bag—clearly the great event of the day at Anversa—we rolled on again, ascending the valley of the Sagittario between strange-shaped perpendicular mountains:

Antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose  
heads touch heaven.

We saw the village of Castro Valva on the top of a mighty rock, approached by a staircase up which girls and elderly women, all heavily burdened, were tripping lightly as things of air. The surrounding desolation was appalling. We passed through gorges never reached even by the midday sun. We saw immense boulders, detached from the mountain-tops and strewn about the valley by some Titan hand. Presently we skirted two or three pools, recently formed, in which a few withered trees were rotting. Then we saw a lonely pilgrimage church reached by a plank spanning the Sagittario; and the village of Villa Lago, from the lowest tier of whose grim and windowless houses a plumb-line would drop clean into the river a thousand feet below.

But at last we reached the Lake of Scanno, a beautiful expanse surrounded by chestnut-trees, and merry with the voices of children. The spirits of the little horses, of the postman, and his child lieutenant visibly revived. We ascended for another two miles, wound round the head of the gorge, crossed the river, descended a little, and were deposited at the door of a church. Below, on our right, the town of Scanno crawled down the mountain. No other road approaches it. On every other side it is walled, and egress to the

mountain-paths is through mediæval gates.

It was now one o'clock. I was hungry; cold, too, for the mountain wind blew fresh. The postman gave me a child of four as guide to the one little inn, and promised to send a woman presently with my luggage. Following the babe, I dived down a very steep street, or rather stair, paved with the most miry of cobbles. It was strangely narrow, and alarmingly dark, bordered by tall houses generally askew, sometimes arched overhead. Black openings led to underground cellars, or showed steep black stairs to courts or alleys at a lower level. The street was full of people, chiefly women, all dressed in the oddest clothes—dark, misshapen creatures, short, sturdy, with widened shoulders, strangely abbreviated skirts, immense rolls like sausages round the hips, and very thick legs. On their heads were dark, close-fitting cloth caps or turbans. Sometimes their chins, and even noses, were wrapped in woollen shawls. Strangest of all, the plaits encircling the heads below the caps were scarlet, emerald, royal blue, sometimes white.

"What hideosities!" I exclaimed involuntarily; and presently was quite startled to discover that the wearers of this wondrous garb were most of them quite young girls, all very like each other, and of really astonishing loveliness. Their features were Greek; their long-lashed eyes, large and sparkling, shone under clear, delicately curved eyebrows; their full white throats rose column-like from the dark bodices. All faces wore a gentle, pensive smile bent welcomingly on the stranger. As for the costume, I had not been many days in Scanno before I became quite fond of it. The extraordinary shape, at first so repellant, is caused by dragging up the very thick skirt through a leather band encircling the hips, so as to shorten it, even to the knees, for work-

ing hours. When allowed to hang at length in straight heavy folds, it is stately; and the bodice is stately too, perfectly simple and close-fitting, open at the throat and fastened with silver buttons. The full sleeves taper to the wrist much in the "leg of mutton" shape of our grandmothers. The turban is not unbecoming to the fair oval faces of these beautiful women. I do not know that I can say so much for the plaiting of the hair with colored wool, or for the hiding of the hands in pouches of the dark full aprons.

The four-year-old who was my escort through the tortuous and ever-narrowing lanes, drew up at a house so unlike anything I understood by an inn that I hesitated to enter. Older children, however, encouraged me; and I stumbled up a dark stone stair, none too clean, and walked into a kitchen, where a family were gathered round a big hearth for their dinner. The mother, a pleasant-looking woman, not of the Scanno type, led me to an inner apartment, bare but dusted, and set about preparing lunch. Her six little daughters, a kitten, and Maddalena the servant, a strapping wench with the Scanno face and the Scanno clothes, assisted her. I was fed simply but well; then provided with a bedroom on the roomy upper floor, to which I had access by a stair starting from my sitting-room. The bedroom was airy, and clean (for Italy). From the window I looked out on sky and mountain. The walls were hung with old pictures. On shelves and window-ledges were jugs of old Majolica. One was in the form of a truculent yellow and green lion. The glare of his eye, the bristle of his tail, were horrific. Instantly I resolved that I would not leave Scanno without this blatant beast. Truth to tell, he now sits on the top of the writing-desk at which, in London Town, I indite these memoirs.

A very old woman, the postman's

mother, arrived carrying my bag, and laughed when I apologized for its weight. Her son had described me as a *brava signora*, very rich, and a great friend of his, for whose good behavior he was willing to stand surety. These encomiums led mine hostess to raise her prices. She undertook to board and lodge me for four *lire* a day; but I learned later that my predecessor, a French artist, had only paid three.

I spent a happy week at Scanno, and should have stayed longer but for an unfortunate break in the weather. The place and the people were delightful to me; nor was I lonely, for I was at once adopted into the simple life of my neighbors. No one stared, or catechised, or bothered. The children ran by my side, neither begging nor crowding. The women invited me into their houses. The men showed the paths and sheepfolds, and told me their histories. I did not always understand what they said, for few talk pure Italian. In this respect I got on better with the children, who evidently have a good school-master. I was quite nonplussed one day in talking to a little boy, who told me his education was finished at the age of ten.

"Well, let us see how much you know. For instance, can you tell me where England is?"

I expected he would say "In America"—the customary delusion in these parts. But he replied, without a moment's hesitation, "England is an island on the northwest corner of Europe, not far from France. The chief town is London, on the Thames. In the same island are countries, called Scotland and Wales, and there is another bad island called Ireland. All these islanders speak the same language and have the same king, and they are rich, with many ships and manufactures."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, aghast, and all the other little boys applauded.

"Well," said I, "now you know so

much, what are you going to do next? It seems a pity for such learned boys to have no occupation but sitting on a wall in the sunshine playing *mora*. What is your work going to be?"

Alas! to this question no answer was forthcoming. The boys and men of Scanno are not very energetic. All the hard work is done by the women—the strong, beautiful girls in the kilted skirts with the stout and shapely limbs. The men are dreamy. They drive cattle, they lounge in little offices and shops, they deliver the letters and meet the trains. The boys sit on the wall and play *mora*; they ask each other riddles, watch the sun traversing the heavens, note the shadows on the mountains and the signs of the times. One of them made quite a speech on the Church and the questions of local government. But their sisters, older or younger, were much too busy for speeches. They passed and repassed, loaded with heavy weights; they were spinning, knitting, carrying on business at dye-works and weaving-loom. They never went by without a smile and a salutation, but they did not converse even with each other.

I have heard that it is a sign of a primitive people, this laying the work upon the woman. My hostess lent me a great topographical book from which I learned that Scanno was discussed even by Pliny, and is thought to have been peopled by Greeks; that in the dialect many purely Greek words occur; that the customs and costumes of the people, not to mention their noses, find their counterparts in some of the Ionic islands. The same book says that the Scannites are simple and temperate in habit and idea, faithful, peaceable, and renowned for filial piety, but perhaps a little lazy. They always wear wool (can Dr. Jaeger have been a Scannite?), and they never sit on chairs. Engagements last a year, and weddings are celebrated in May. At the betrothal



feast the relatives on both sides give the bride rings, and there is symbolic eating of grapes, almonds, and honey. Then for the year the affianced youth visits and serenades his bride-elect. At his last visit he gives her a gold piece. Then the two mothers prepare and furnish a house, and the two fathers convey to it the bridal bed, accompanied by a singing and rejoicing crowd of well-wishers. After the wedding ceremony each relative gives the young couple a coin marked with a cross. This is the most important part of the whole business, and any irregularity in the coin or its presentation is a sure harbinger of bad fortune.

I was not at Scanno in May, and could not learn how far this ancient ceremonial is still observed. The book was certainly right in saying that the women, at least, despise chairs. They squat on the ground in Oriental fashion. Most curious was the aspect of the church one evening when I turned into it for the *Ave Maria*. It was dusk, of course, and heavy rain-clouds had absorbed the color and the light. At the altar the priest had a few candles, but the congregation sat in the gloom. No matter; every one knew the responses, and roared them forth with such a volume of sound that I feared for my tympanum. About thirty men occupied benches in the background, but there were at least a hundred women, all dressed alike, all crouching on the floor of the nave or on the steps of the side chapels, their knees up to the chin, their hands concealed, their heads bent forwards, their eyes following the priest. The effect was most strange: dark, shapeless bundles here, there, and everywhere, lovely fair faces rising from them like Aphrodite from the sea. Nor was the church without beauty, at least in that twilight hour, which softened the whitewash and concealed the ravages and—worse still—the reparations of time. The old gliding caught

the candle-light, and the sparkles were reflected from a couple of antique convex mirrors. The brilliance gleamed on a colored figure of the Virgin floating heavenwards, it waked color on the altar embroideries, it shone on the silver buttons of the women's dark bodices, and here and there on some vivid face bent forward in the ecstasy of devotion. It was enchanting—a little heaven below, fit ending to the day's long toil, emblem that these hard-worked sisters are no mere beasts of burden, but living souls in touch with the unseen.

Mine host of the little inn bears one of the great names of Scanno. The chief street is named after his great-uncle, who was a doctor in Naples. The grand-nephew is quite simple and unostentatious. He works in his garden on the far side of the Sagittario, and keeps a little shop in a back street, for which the fifteen-year-old daughter bakes childish cakes and sweetmeats. The guests—if there are any—are the wife's charge. I thought she was perhaps a little scornful of Scanno, hailing herself from far Sulmona. Her six little daughters do not follow the customs of their native place.

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked, looking at the little faces clustered round my supper table.

"*Chi lo sa?*" she answered with a sigh; and pointing to Pepina, the prettiest, she added, "That one would like to be a lady's maid and travel with a foreigner."

Ah me! that's the thin end of the wedge! Once let the taste for adventure assert itself, the desire for change and foreign parts, and Scanno will be improved off the face of the earth—at least, the Scanno which we have to-day, dark, mysterious, conservative, content, where the men are only shepherds and the smiling, strapping girls step forth under heavy burdens. How would our slum-dwellers like that endless carry-



ing of water-jars on head or hip? Civilization certainly spares us some things; but are we really so much the happier for that? There are no such gentle faces, no such straight backs, in a London slum as here in the perpendicular streets, on the dark stairs and in the black caverns of the Scanno houses. And, indeed, that aspect of gloom belongs to the street side of Scanno only. The houses are built up the face of the rock, one on top of the other; but the back of each is open to the air of day, to the sunshine and the wind. My own room in Signor Orazio's tiny *locanda* faced the south, and across a few roofs at a lower level my eye travelled straight to the allotment gardens, to the mountains and the clouds. There is merit in these hill-top habitations, more than mere safety from climbing enemies, self-sufficiency, and splendid isolation. But it is not the modern way; and the new houses even in Scanno, the School and the *Municipio* and the Post Office, are all on the highroad, where the strong stream of the Sagittario is used.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

ful for the installation of electric light.

I see the doom of Scanno written in fiery letters across the sky, above her towers and her walls. The shouts of Progress will reach her ear, the boys now playing *mora* on the parapet will emigrate to America, the girls will be travelling lady's maids; bagmen will come with French hats, and the women will lay aside their turbans and their silver buttons, lose their noble carriage, and grow like everybody else in a dull provincial town. A hundred years hence, one fancies, there will be no pleasure in travelling, because the whole world from John o'Groats to Timbuctoo will be all alike.

'Tis a foolish and a timid fancy! Surprises are sure to come, and if we cannot conceive their Whence, their Wherefore, and their How, that is because they are to be surprises. A hundred years hence there will be plenty to see and to wonder at. But Scanno will not be there as she is to-day. If you are wise, you will visit her before the change.

Helen H. Colvill.

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## THE MILLS OF JUSTICE.

A young sailor, John Gibson by name, stood in the dock of the Old Bailey charged with murder on the high seas, and the jury had just brought in a verdict of guilty. The evidence for the Crown, as the prosecuting counsel pointed out, was purely circumstantial; but, as he had also remarked, if circumstantial evidence was always to be held insufficient, how many guilty men would escape the reward of their wrong-doing. After a long and careful trial, therefore, it had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the jury that one night, when his ship was nearing home, John Gibson had deliberately hurled overboard a shipmate, one

James Lale, whereby the said shipmate was drowned. The evidence which had gone against Gibson more than the rest was that of two of his fellow-sailors, who in a dull way, without malice against the prisoner, but with little comprehension of the importance of their evidence, had borne witness as to a quarrel between Gibson and Lale the day before the murder, during which Gibson said Lale would never be safe till he was in Davy Jones's locker.

Gibson was a boy of nineteen, straight and good-looking, and altogether a person to enlist the sympathy of his fellow-creatures. Lale, from all accounts

seemed to have been a rather worthless creature, about fifty years old, harmless enough, but possessed of no qualities which made him very vehement friends. The sailors, who were dazzled by a court of justice, gave their evidence as fairly as their intelligence enabled them, and the captain, who testified to Gibson's excellence as a seaman, sealed the boy's fate when he explained his reasons for putting Gibson under arrest. He evidently had no doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, though he was rather surprised at the fuss the court was making about it.

"Lale was not of much consequence," he explained to the judge.

"He was a living soul," said his Lordship.

So Gibson was found guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy on account of his youth, the latter part of the verdict causing the counsel for the defence to smile bitterly, for he knew the judge, and he knew how little attention he paid to such recommendations.

His Lordship had only lately been raised to the Bench, but had already shown that, although he prated a good deal about the mercy of God, he did not think it was a quality which should be exercised by man. On the present occasion, in sentencing the young sailor to death, he told him to expect no mercy from man, and to entertain no hope of reprieve, but he urged him to try to obtain from man's Creator what man refused him, and so to make sure of life eternal in exchange for the temporal existence which was to be cut short so suddenly.

The boy in the dock heard the sentence quietly, not much surprised, only a little confused in his head. The only sorrow and indignation he felt was against his captain. He could not feel anger at the law, for it seemed to him simply a hideous and cruel net which was thrown over the heads of unfortu-

nate beings; the judge he looked upon not as a man, but as a claw of some unshapely monster within whose reach he had been thrown. So he turned round and walked quietly down the steps to the cells, much as a fly shuts its eyes (let us hope) when the spider begins to wrap it in its noisome coils.

Gibson was not a clever boy; his life had been a rough and simple one; but he was wise enough to know that when a man, without money and with humble relations, is judged by the law to have done wrong, whether he has or not, he has got to bear it,—and grin if he can. Hanging indeed seemed to him rather dreadful, and no one wants to die at nineteen; but he would not have minded being hanged so very much if he was to get the Victorian Cross for it,—only he knew that he would not.

If Gibson was a little downcast at the result of the trial and the knowledge that he was to be hanged in a month, the newspapers were delighted. Several of the daily papers had leading articles congratulating the public on the verdict, and one went so far as to say that if Gibson had been acquitted no one would have dared to cross the Atlantic. Of course, the usual paper, in its usual contradictory way, pretended to see a possible miscarriage of justice, pointed out the danger of convicting on purely circumstantial evidence, and commented on the harsh summing-up of the judge. For the first two or three days after the verdict the ordinary papers gave dramatic accounts of murders on the high seas, while the contradictory paper gave instances of notorious miscarriages of justice.

However, the affair was soon altogether forgotten, and young Gibson was left alone in his cell, waiting quietly for death, and trying in an awkward way to comfort his poor little mother who took the affair most

extravagantly to heart. To hear her talk and see her distress one would have thought that the world and its laws had been made to pivot round her son. Even with the most tremendous events in the air, such as a serious complication with a foreign Power, which might involve thousands of lives and millions of money, this humble little woman thought of nothing but a sailor boy; just one among—of whom England has as we know—so many.

But suddenly the public interest in John Gibson was revived. It was about four days before the date fixed for his execution. The papers had just printed a small paragraph (of the size and type which served to record the fact that Lady So-and-So had returned to town from the Riviera and taken up her residence in Belgravia) announcing that "The execution of Gibson, the high-sea murderer, had been fixed for Tuesday next, and would take place at nine o'clock precisely"; some of the more fashionable papers went so far as to add that "Billington would be the executioner."

Alas for human arrangements! The next announcement that the papers made with regard to Gibson was that he was ill. The evening prints proclaimed in large letters that he was very ill, and the public began to get seriously concerned. However, the papers at first took an optimistic view. One said that no doubt the indisposition would prove to be of a trifling character, and was due to the strain latterly put upon his nerves. Another expressed its conviction that Gibson's illness was merely a temporary one, and "hoped that he would be all right *on the day*." Another, a model of propriety, said that "for the sake of the public morals and the safety of the community, we must hope against hope that Tuesday's ceremony may take place."

But when Tuesday morning came

and John Gibson ought to have risen with the lark, dressed himself, and stepped out to be hanged, the unfortunate fellow was unable to put his foot to the ground. He whose thoughts should that morning have been fixed on the solemnities of death, was prattling deliriously about his early childhood and his adventures at sea.

Billington, the executioner, who had fully expected to be sitting down to lunch with the satisfactory feeling of having done a good morning's work, was wandering about disconsolately, with a kind of empty feeling, and vaguely calling to mind the words about "Satan finding some mischief still for idle hands to do."

But certain it was that it would be long before Gibson would be in a fit state of health to be hanged, for the doctor had diagnosed typhoid fever. He added also that no doubt it had been contracted in the insanitary building of the Old Bailey.

Then commenced one of those discussions in the newspapers which make honest people regret the advance of education. The papers themselves began and encouraged the correspondence by violent articles proclaiming against the crying scandal which Londoners suffer in their midst. In the largest city in the world, reputed also to be the richest and the most wicked, which produced criminals second to none, they apparently could not afford a better place in which to try offenders against the laws than an insanitary, old-fashioned hole. For long this had been pointed out, but nothing had been done. Time after time fever had stalked round the gloomy court claiming a victim. Sometimes it was a judge, sometimes a jurymen, sometimes an obscure member of the bar, or even a well-known advocate; sometimes it picked out a solicitor or his clerk, sometimes a member of the curious public; it had even been known to select one

of the jurors in waiting. And now the inevitable had happened; it had attacked a man in the dock, and not a mere person sentenced to three months' hard labor, but a murderer lying under sentence of death. Perhaps now at last the public would rise in their might and insist that London should have a criminal court befitting its size and morals.

As the news of Gibson's illness grew more and more serious, letters and leading articles on the subject filled the columns of the papers. A question as to the sanitary condition of the Old Bailey was put in the House of Commons; and one of the Irish Members said that it was only another example of British hypocrisy to hide away the Central Criminal Court in a little back street, just to make foreigners believe that there was no crime in the country.

Gibson became a public hero; one almost expected prayers to be offered for his recovery; many people left cards at the prison where the precious life was trembling in the balance. Business men laid odds on the result of the illness, and unbusinesslike business men took them. For a few days everybody shared Gibson's fever; they all caught it, and took part in his delirium.

The headlines in the papers showed the hold the subject had on the public. *Gibson Gone, Gibson a Shade Better, The Passing of Gibson, Trembling in the Balance, Still Life Still Hope*, and so forth. The letters also bore witness to the concern of all classes. One warm-hearted Englishwoman wrote to *The Daily Gale* (a paper which was always trying to raise the wind by making storms in teacups) asking whether England was at last roused from its lethargy; was it possible that in a Christian country so promising a young life should be snatched from the gallows by a fever-ridden dock?

Only in one small cottage in Bermondsey did a poor widow cry, and pray

that her boy might never awake to consciousness and sorrow.

The one bright spot at this dark time was the devotion of the prison doctor. Never for once, while the life of his patient was hovering near the valley, did that devoted man leave the bedside, save at the most urgent summons. Indeed it may be mentioned in confidence, and not for the purposes of a newspaper controversy, that the health of the other prisoners was somewhat neglected. Day and night he watched by that bedside; he even took notes of Gibson's ravings, and sent on the assertions of innocence which fell from the fevered lips to the judge who had sentenced the boy. That impartial man, who was strong enough to read the papers without being influenced by them, sent back a polite note to the doctor, remarking that he would be the last person to take advantage of a delirious man's ravings; he was never influenced by any statement which was not made on oath. He also highly commended the doctor's devotion to the patient, and expressed a hope, under Providence, for Gibson's recovery.

At last came the happy day when Gibson, to the delight of the world and the joy of the entire Press, was pronounced out of danger. The doctor had indeed, if we may use the phrase in connection with one under sentence to be hanged, pulled him through. Naturally Gibson was weak and ill yet, but the tide had turned. The youthful blood came surging up, cleansed and refreshed; and, as was natural, the public forgot both Gibson and also their plans for building a new Old Bailey.

In due time Gibson, convalescent, was sent to one of our brightest and most cheerful country prisons, there to grow strong and well and fill his weakened body with God's blessed sun and air. Under the genial influences of a healthy and quiet prison the sailor-

boy soon regained his strength. His blue eyes grew bright and clear again; his young limbs were full of joyful activity. Had his convalescence lasted a little longer he would have been twenty in three weeks.

But one glad day he was pronounced to be in perfect health once more, and his execution was duly fixed for the following Tuesday.

The poor mother cried a little,—most of her tears had been used up; even the bank of crying will not stand against too long a run—when she found that her boy was to die the day before his birthday, a day she had always spent with him when he was on shore, and thinking about him when he was at sea. The newspapers merely announced that "Gibson, the high-sea murderer, who had recently been completely restored to health, was to be executed on Tuesday next at nine in the morning."

On the very Tuesday morning on which John Gibson was to be hanged, an early train was dragging its dreary way from Harwich to London. Most of the carriages, it is nice for unselfish people to know, were empty, but in one third-class compartment sat two travellers. One was a gentlemanlike sort of person, evidently a substantial Harwich tradesman, who had provided himself with various newspapers and illustrated magazines; the other was a sailor who had provided himself with nothing at all.

The train was one of those which are called express, not because they travel fast, but because they do not stop at many stations. If it had gone faster and stopped longer, or more frequently, at stations, the journey would have been a pleasanter one. As it was, the progress towards London was very tedious indeed, and before they had gone very far, the tradesman, who liked to do little kindnesses to other

people, having looked through one of his newspapers to make sure there was nothing interesting in it, handed it to the sailor.

"No, thank you, sir," said the man; "I don't read the papers."

With an effort the tradesman handed over one of his illustrated magazines with a remark that the pictures might amuse the man.

"I don't like pictures," said the sailor.

What did the sailor like? He neither looked out of the window nor went to sleep, but sat with his eyes open, doing nothing, seeing nothing, thinking nothing.

After his rebuff the other man very naturally gave up any further advance to the sailor. But as the train drew nearer London they got into a thick fog and the pace became slower than walking, almost marking time. The tradesman, who had read all his papers and could not see out of the window, turned again to the only other object of distraction, the sailor. "What time are we due in London, sir?" he asked.

"Half-past eight," said the sailor.

"We shall be late, I fear."

The tradesman's fear seemed likely to be realized, for at that moment the train stopped altogether, and the rest of its journey to London was accomplished by a series of little jerks.

"I see you're a sailor," persisted the man.

"Ay."

"They're hanging one of your profession in London this morning."

"Ay?"

"And hard luck it is. If any one ever had hard lines its John Gibson."

For the first time the old sailor betrayed some interest.

"John Gibson, a sailor?" he said; "what ship might he belong to, and what age might he be?"

"Well, all the papers have been talking enough about him," said the tradesman. He himself had written several

letters at the time of the excitement and signed his name.

"I don't read the papers," said the sailor; "and I've only just been landed in this country. I've been roaming about in a foreign ship these last months."

"John Gibson's nineteen, he was on the *Saucy Lass*, and they're hanging him this morning."

"Poor little Johnny Gibson," said the sailor; "so they're hanging him. Well, it's a rum world."

"Did you know him?" asked the tradesman.

"I did," said the sailor, "seeing that he was standing by me when I fell overboard, apologizing as nice as might be for a little bit of a tiff we'd had the day before."

"What," shouted the tradesman excitedly, "you're not James Lale?"

"I am, though," said the sailor; "and I shall be very glad to know how you guessed it."

"But, man, they're hanging Gibson for having murdered you!"

"Rather previous of them," said the old salt with a humorous smile, "seeing I'm here talking to you about my ship-mate. And a dear little chap he was. So they're hanging him, and for murdering me too. Well, I never understood the law and I never shall."

But the tradesman had risen to his feet, beads of perspiration on his forehead. "You don't understand," he cried. "I'm not joking,—God forbid!—Gibson is to be hanged at nine this morning for murdering you. You don't want to cause his death?"

"Hold hard," said the sailor good-humoredly; "I must argue with you there. I couldn't cause poor Johnny's death. I didn't mean to fall overboard, you can lay your last shirt. And if other folks say he murdered me,—well, they're liars, but don't blame me."

"But we must telegraph at the station, and dash to Newgate," said the tradesman.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

"Not much dashing in this fog," returned the sailor.

"The train's stopping again; we shall be late, and I've forgotten to bring my watch. Have you got one?" The tradesman looked at Lale with a kind of horror.

"Not now, sir," said the man; "I swopped mine with poor Johnny for a knife."

"How can you sit there, knowing what's going to happen?"

"Well, I shouldn't do much good walking about in this cabin. Johnny's in a tight place with the landsharks I admit, but a sailor's life is full of dangers, as you've heard, no doubt. It's hard luck on him if he has to slip his cable at nineteen, but fate's fate."

"And to think that we should have been in London by now if it hadn't been for the fog! This is the worst line in England. Damn the fog!" and the tradesman mopped his forehead.

"Fogs was always dangerous to sailors," remarked Lale.

But the most terrible journey comes to an end at last, and as the train drew in to the platform the tradesman grasped the sailor by the hand and dragged him out of the carriage up the platform within sight of the clock. Its pale face seen through the fog told them that it was ten minutes past nine.

"Is the station-clock right?" gasped the tradesman to a passing ticket-collector.

"Three minutes slow, sir, by Greenwich time," said the official.

The tradesman looked at the sailor who was watching him with an expression of slight but not unkindly curiosity. "I don't fancy we need bother," said the man quietly. "They're pretty punctual at Newgate, I expect."

"Brandy," said the tradesman hoarsely, as he staggered towards the refreshment-room, "brandy, for God's sake!"

"Well, I don't mind if I join you," said the sailor; "It's a nippy morning."

*Reginald Turner.*



THE BAD MEN OF AMERICA.\*

Americans, who have invented the most vivid slang in the world, know the value of occasional recourse to understatement. This may be satirical, or it may seem to English ears more of an understatement than it really is because words are used in their older and unimpaired sense. Thus "a sick man" may be a man dangerously ill; and "a bad man" is the accepted phrase in the West for the most dangerous kind of assassin America has produced. This book is a collection of short biographies of some of the most notorious scoundrels who lived "out West" when the West was more lawless than any part of the globe inhabited by men who ought to have been civilized. The great merit of the collection is that it tries to be historically exact. We confess that if the author were guilty of any posturing—of a kind of swashbuckling sentiment, compounded of frothy writing and loose history, in favor of men who died "with their boots on," as the American phrase is—we should have no use for his book. There is a tendency to that kind of thing, not only in America but in England, among men who have never been in circumstances that compelled them to keep a hand near their revolver, who never had occasion to "go after their gun," as they say in America. The explanation of it is generally to be found in a sort of revolt against the unromantic security of our civilization, which, after all, they could easily escape from (with the goodwill of us all) if they cared to get on familiar terms with danger by other means than pen and paper. We mention this manner only because it is possible to describe Mr. Hough's book by

saying that he almost wholly avoids it. If writers could be persuaded to understand it, crimes as daring and ruthless as those related in this book lose some of their power to impress by every departure from literal statement. As it is, this book has given us shocks and thrills of no ordinary calibre. If there are still people stupid enough to keep children quiet by frightening them, this is the kind of book which would serve their purpose. To think that a man like Murrell or Boone Helm or Billy the Kid was after you would be a perpetual nightmare.

Rascality is not a province in which any nation need wish to compete with any other, but honesty compels us to say that Mr. Hough claims too much for his desperadoes. England had something very like them in her gentlemen of the road, and Australia with her "bushrangers" came nearer still to the type. The present writer remembers examining the armor made of sections of large iron pipes which was worn by Kelly, the famous bushranger; the headpiece was a simple iron cylinder with an improvised visor, and he wondered at the time whether this was not the most perfect symbol of outlawry which the world could show. "Rol. Boldredwod's" story, *Robbery under Arms*, owes its great success, to our thinking, not to any literary merit, but to the wisdom which led the author virtually to transcribe Australian Blue-books on bushranging. The conditions under which civilization struggled to assert itself in the West of America are sufficiently defined in the following passage:—

Turn the white man loose in a land free of restraint—such as was always that Golden Fleece land, vague, shifting and transitory, known as the Amer-

\* "The Story of the Outlaw: a Study of the Western Desperado." By Emerson Hough. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

ican West—and he simply reverts to the ways of Teutonic and Gothic forests. The civilized empire of the West has grown in spite of this, because of that other strange germ, the love of law, anciently implanted in the soul of the Anglo-Saxon. That there was little difference between the bad man and the good man who went out after him was frequently demonstrated in the early roaring days of the West. The religion of progress and civilization meant very little to the Western town marshal, who sometimes, or often, was a peace officer chiefly because he was a good fighting man.

The bad man of the genuine sort, says Mr. Hough, rarely looked the part. The long-haired blusterer, adorned with a dialect that never was spoken, serves very well in fiction about the West, but he is not the real bad man. Billy the Kid was outwardly a smiling-faced, amiable boy, and he had killed twenty-two men before he himself was twenty-one. At that age he was shot dead by the famous peace officer, Pat Garrett, who twenty years later has received some of the rewards he deserved from Mr. Roosevelt. Ollinger, on the other hand, is still remembered in the West as the doubtful type with which pictures have made us familiar. He stepped over the narrow margin which divided the bad men who were against the law from the bad men who were nominally enlisted in the service of the law, and he acted as a peace officer:—

He wore his hair long and affected the ultra-Western dress, which to-day is despised in the West. He was one of the very few men at that time—twenty-five years ago—who carried a knife at his belt. When he was in such a town as Las Vegas or Santa Fé, he delighted to put on a buckskin shirt, spread his hair out on his shoulders, and to walk through the streets, picking his teeth with his knife, or once in a while throwing it in such a way that it would stick up in a tree or a board. He presented an eye-filling spectacle,

and, was indeed the ideal imitation bad man.

We must give here Garret's own description of how he shot Billy the Kid:—

The Kid stepped up to the bedside and laid his left hand on the bed and bent over Maxwell. He saw me sitting there in the half darkness, but did not recognize me, as I was sitting down. My height would have betrayed me had I been standing. "Pete, *Quien es?*" he asked in a low tone of voice; and he half motioned toward me with his six-shooter. That was when I looked across into eternity. It wasn't far to go. That was exactly how the thing was. I gave neither Maxwell nor the Kid time for anything farther. There flashed over my mind at once one thought, and it was that I had to shoot and shoot at once, and that my shot must go to the mark the first time. I knew the Kid would kill me in a flash if I did not kill him. Just as he spoke and motioned toward me, I dropped over to the left and rather down, going after my gun with my right hand as I did so. As I fired, the Kid dropped back. I had caught him just about the heart. His pistol, already pointed toward me, went off as he fell, but he fired high. As I sprang up, I fired once more, but did not hit him, and did not need to, for he was dead. I don't know that he ever knew who it was that killed him.

The most ambitious of the bad men was John A. Murrell. Although he transcends the type of his kind, we must briefly take him as an example, because as a figure in the early history of the West he cannot be neglected. In another walk of life he would have been great. He had some personal "magnetism," he had patience, and he was an artist in his devilish adaptability. At one time he pretended to be a Methodist and went about preaching, and even, it is said, making converts; at another he was the prop and stay for three months of an old Roman Catholic

gentleman, attending all the services of his church, and being devout and strict in the performance of the most minute ceremonial; at another he practised as a doctor; and yet all the time he was murdering lonely travellers and horse-stealing and slave-stealing in the other manifestation of his dual personality. He never robbed without killing. He thought a man who did so a fool. He organized a loosely knit band of robbers some two thousand strong, and the most trusted and skilful of them were known as the Grand Council of the Mystic Clan. It has been said that men of good position belonged to the Clan, and passed their whole lives without being suspected. The last generation used to be startled occasionally by rumors that some respectable pillar of the Republic had confessed on his deathbed that he used to be a member of Murrell's gang. We share the reserve with which Mr. Hough writes of these stories, but the fact that they existed at all shows the widespread character of Murrell's organization. Murrell's chief scheme was for a rising of the whole black population on Christmas night, 1835. All the whites were to be killed, and the blacks (so they were told), headed by the Grand Council of the Mystic Clan, were to enter into free enjoyment of the riches of the land. The plot was divulged by the spy Virgil A. Stewart, whom Murrell had trusted and admitted to the Grand Council.

In a lesser degree there is a repetition in the United States to-day of the difficulty of dealing with scoundrels. The agents of the law are unequal to their task chiefly because they are unwilling. It was the determination to have more protection than the law provided which caused the formation of the "Vigilantes" of California. The men who refused to suffer from the anarchy of the gold-rush banded themselves together and took over the responsibility

of administering the law. They were thus in the peculiar position of standing for the law against the law. They had their own miniature army, and the law, having failed to upset their irregular but fairly wholesome administration, left them alone. When the need for exceptional measures was past the Vigilantes laid down their office and the law resumed its sway. The interesting point about this singular affair is that it may be taken as the precedent and sanction for Lynch-law. We think the services of the Vigilantes were probably necessary at their time and place; but when Mr. Hough uses them as an exact analogy for Lynch-law, which he extols, we can only say that he writes nonsense. Lynch-law, as at present understood, is an instrument almost entirely directed against the negroes; it is a negation of law, because it dispenses with proper trial; and even if it did not, it would still be infamous, because it makes one law for the white and another for the black. Mr. Hough's philosophizing is the weak part of his book.

We have not space to write of Plummer, who was at the same time a Sheriff, a cultivated man, and a murdering brigand,—another extraordinary example of dual personality. The most valuable chapter in the book is that on the Lincoln County War, to the history of which Mr. Hough adds many new facts. It was a war of families about their cattle rights. No Border feud ever had a higher percentage of casualties. It may be said that vendettas have had much higher percentages; but vendettas are private, and this astonishing affair involved troops and the Governor of the State, General Lew Wallace, and even the President of the United States. It seems almost too perverse to be true that a well-meaning Englishman, Tunstall, and a delicate, dreamy, mild-mannered American lawyer, McSween, who happened to

put their money into cattle, should have found themselves most unwillingly among the nominal leaders of this bloody war in which the pace was forced by bad men! Both were killed,—rather, we should say, murdered.

When bad men were at last cornered and faced the "drop," they did not always display the same fortitude as in their careers. One begins to see that the brigand is served by his audacity for some purposes and not for others. It is something of an accident, and that, perhaps, is the kindest explanation.

The Spectator.

tion of an abnormal phenomenon. Some, however, were fearless all through, and jumped from the box with as much bravado as ever a criminal from the cart at Tyburn. "Gentlemen," said Georgie Shears to his executioners, who had put him on a ladder instead of the usual box, "I am not used to this business, never having been hung before. Shall I jump off or slide off?" "Jump, of course," they said. "All right," said he. "Good-bye!" and he sprang off with unconcern.

### THE NAVIGATION OF THE AIR.

In these days when the *talk* if not the actuality of human flight is in the air, it is interesting to look back at some of the earlier attempts of man to emulate the bird. The classic myth of Daedalus and his son Icarus shows that the problem occupied the minds of the ancients. We ask, in fact, is the story merely a myth? May it by any possibility be a reflection of the fact that man in early times really acquired the art of flying? There is no shadow without a substance, and the myth is often the shadow of a fact. The myth of Daedalus indeed must be the shadow of some fact; there is the possibility that it may be the projection on a later age of the earlier triumph of man over the air. Yet no Egyptian papyrus or Assyrian brick cylinder records it; it is not figured in the picture writings of the ancient Mexicans, nor scratched on bone or horn by the cave-dwellers; no Chinese claimant has yet come forward to prove that his countrymen had invented flying machines while yet the now civilized nations of Europe had not emerged from barbarism; all history, in fact, when interrogated on this point preserves a stony and sphinx-like silence.

"With me your leader," says the

mythic pioneer of artificial flight to his son Icarus, "take your way"—*Me duce, carpe viam*. And so he calls down the ages to the would-be birds of the present day, offering to show them how to accomplish their wish. Is there, then, anything to be learned by present-day navigators of the air from the work of Daedalus of old? According to the story, Daedalus made for himself wings like those of a bird, and there are many in modern times who have thought that the solution of the problem lay in imitating as closely as possible the fowls of the air. Yet, on the whole, the present state of the theory and practice of aerial navigation seems to indicate that the pathway to success lies rather in the attainment of lighter and more powerful motors.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century an Italian alchemist who had come to Scotland and been made Abbot of Tungland in Galloway made himself wings of the feathers of various birds. He started from the walls of Stirling Castle to fly to France. The wings failed him, however, and he fell, breaking his thigh bone. The enterprising Abbot explained his failure as due to a wrong choice of feathers. In

his wings were some feathers of the common fowl, and their affinity for their native dunghill dragged him down; had they been entirely of eagles' feathers these would have kept him aloft. We do not learn, however, that another attempt was made with wings of eagle-feathers alone. And while Daedalus safely soared over the ocean himself, his son fell into the sea, to which he gave his name, and was drowned. The prospect of man ever being able to fly with wings like those of a bird is not very bright.

About the year 1784 the subject of aerial navigation was occupying a prominent place in the public mind, and Horace Walpole discourses about the ways and doings of the "airgonauts," as he calls them, in a pleasant and gossipy way. One of the pioneers of the art, the Frenchman Jean Pierre Blanchard, had just made his first ascent from Paris in a balloon. Blanchard seems also to have intended to attempt actual flying, for he took up with him wings and a rudder. These, however, he found useless. Later he crossed the Channel to England in his aerial vessel. "You see," writes Walpole, in allusion to these events, "the airgonauts have passed the Rubicon. By their own accounts they were exactly birds; they flew through the air, perched on the top of a tree; some passengers climbed up and took them in their nest." He opines, as indeed some have opined lately, that difficulties will arise for the Customs House officials when we all become birds: "The smugglers I suppose, will be the first to improve upon the plan."

The idea of an aerial voyage to Paris appeals to Walpole's fancy: "If there is no air-sickness, and I were to go to Paris again, I would prefer a balloon to the packet-boat, and had as lief roost in an oak as sleep in a French inn, though I were to caw for my breakfast like the young ravens." After watch-

ing the descent of a balloon, he amuses himself by meditating on the future of "airgonation." He sees it gradually perfected, displacing navigation and banishing ships to the limbo of things forgotten. Flourishing seaports become "deserted villages" as flying becomes more and more common. Salisbury Plain, Newmarket Heath, and all the Downs, except the Downs where ships had been wont to anchor, become dock-yards for aerial vessels. He further imagines a new *Shipping Gazette* in which the news would be of the following nature: "The good balloon, *Daedalus*, Captain Wingate, will fly in a few days for China; he will stop at the Monument to take in passengers." "Foundered in a hurricane, the *Bird of Paradise*, from Mount Ararat." Again in his "mind's eye" Walpole sees the rival airgonauts, Blanchard and Lunardi, engaged in an air-fight in the clouds like a stork and a kite. The breaking up of roads as now useless, and a consequent great increase in the land available for tillage, follows the further development of flying.

A hundred years earlier Bishop Wilkins had written on the art of flying in his *Mathematical Magic*, and he was also the advocate of a "universal language." And this latter Walpole opined was calculated to prevent the want of an interpreter when the development of the art of flying had carried him to the moon! At the present day the labors of M. Santos Dumont and the Wright brothers, combined with the development of Esperanto, may serve a like useful end. The need of a universal language, indeed, will be more and more emphasized as the practice of flying increases. In the near future it may be possible to pay flying visits to all the countries in Europe in the course of a summer holiday! In the above *Mathematical Magic* Bishop Wilkins relates several cases, none of them perhaps very well authenticated, of suc-

cessful flight. A monk named Eremus, for example, in Edward the Confessor's time is said to have flown by means of wings from the top of a tower for a distance of over a furlong. Another bold  
The Outlook.

spirit is recorded to have flown from the top of St. Mark's steeple, Venice. Bishop Wilkins also quotes Busbequius to the effect that the Turks made similar attempts in Constantinople.

### THE EDITION DE LUXE.

"We shan't have room for it," I said.  
"But it will look very well," said my wife. "Thirty-six volumes in that handsome red binding would set off any library."

"There isn't a spare foot of room now," I insisted.

"But we always meant to clear away some of the rubbishy books."

"There are no rubbishy books. That's why we've never cleared anything away. Besides, I'm not sure I care for every little word the great man has written."

"Every little word," said my wife severely—"every little word written by a man of genius ought to be preserved."

"So it will be," I said, "by those who print this edition and those who buy it; but that's no reason for my buying it."

"That's flippant," said my wife, "and silly."

"Of course, if you begin to be abusive—"

"How like a man!" said my wife. "When he's beaten in argument"—she pronounced these words very impressively—"he always says he's being abused."

"Thirty-six fat volumes," said I.

"But only a pound apiece."

"That's thirty-six pounds," I said, "and for thirty-six pounds we could go to the seaside."

"But we shall get one volume a month, and that spreads it over three years. Once a month for three years

a genius will visit us, and at the end of that time he'll stay with us for ever."

"But you'll get tired of him. When the three years are over you'll store him away in an attic. You'll never look at him. He'll get covered with dust. I don't like geniuses when they're covered with dust. I'm not sure I like them when they're quite tidy."

"That," said my wife, "is absurd. I shall fill up the form."

"Thirty-six pounds," I pleaded.

"I've filled it up with your name," she said.

"Forgery," I hinted.

"You should have thought of that," she retorted, "when you married me. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow'—you can't deny it."

"But I didn't mean it. It was *duress*. Besides, there's another bit about obeying."

"Fiddlesticks," said she. "I've put a stamp on it, and I'm going to post it at once."

And she did.

All this happened two years and a half ago. Summer is now approaching for the third time, and through all the changing seasons, month by month, with the impressiveness and regularity of one of nature's immutable ordinances, the stout red volumes have made their formidable appearances. Thirty of them stand in a thick red line on the loaded shelves. On a rough calculation there are more than seven



feet of them—and there are six more volumes to come.

Now, to buy a book casually, to buy thirty books at odd times and without previous arrangement, these are easy and light-hearted things that any man may do without impairing the springs of his strength or adding a single gray hair to his head. But to be under a permanent irrevocable contract to purchase a certain sort of book once in every month, to take delivery of it and to pay for it, saps the vitality of the most vigorous being that ever trod a country road. To know that at some time within the first week of every month a heavy postal parcel will be dumped down as if by magic on the hall table and will lie there pleading to have its string cut and its brown-paper unfolded—there's nothing in the whole range of experience to compete with that as a shatterer of nerves and a de-

*Punch.*

stroyer of happiness. While the parcel lies thus my wife avoids my eye. I believe she goes down in the dead hours of the night to open it and stow it away. She has even gone so far as to assert that she had told me how it would be, adding that she had long since realized how useless it was to dissuade a wilful man from any purpose he had set his mind on. The thirty-six-volumed genius who was to have been a joy to us has brought us a curse. We have never dared to read him in his new edition. Last night I caught my wife with a thin and handy volume in her hand. It belonged to an earlier edition of our destroying genius. When she saw that I had observed her she had the grace to look uncomfortable and to lay the book down under the concealment of an illustrated paper. And there are six more volumes still to come.

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#### NATURE AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

Of the making of nature-books of the feebly sentimental kind there appears to be no end, but if the study thereof result in much weariness to the public mind, the public has only itself to blame. The remedy, or rather the prevention, lies in its own hand. Though a short-sighted legislature has failed to set any limit to the publication of these green-boarded volumes of ill-digested odds and ends, there is happily no law to compel their persual by the man in the street. Only upon the unlucky reviewer has this irritating necessity been laid; and it is small wonder if, at the end of a long period of such low diet, his old faith in the saving grace of green leaves vanishes, and he finds himself actually revelling in his work-a-day smoke and paving-stones, and the reek and roar of London's busy streets.

In the days before Richard Jefferies set the familiar things of the countryside to his own inimitable music, the year's output of natural-history books could safely be placed in one category. It was the era of the scientific botanist, when a hedgerow blossom, however beautiful, was merely an umbelliferum or dicotyledon, or some equally outrageous, dispiriting thing; and the loveliness of a kingfisher, as he glittered down stream like a flying fragment of rainbow, was of less importance than the strict ascertainment of his scientific name. But, for good or for evil, Jefferies changed all that. Now the nature-writer has thrown away his blue spectacles and taken unto himself Parnassian wings. And whereas formerly it was impossible to write of field or woodland life unequipped by at least a

smattering of gardener's Latin, now any suburban poeticule with an itch for country loafing can lift his scrannel pipe at the odd street corners in newspaper-town, or air his motley ignorance between covers of green art-linen, generally at his own expense.

It is not, however, the ordinary nature-article in the daily Press with which we have our present quarrel. Editors, at least those of the more important journals, have of late years become both wiser and warier, and it is seldom nowadays that these meretricious gentry get past the careful watch set at the redactorial gate. There is no doubt, also, that the bulk of the genuine publishing trade presents an equally impassable barrier to these singers of sick fancies about dandelions, and newts, and such small deer. It is the private publisher, the man of mammoth printing bills and microscopic sales department, who is alike the joy of the pseudo-poet-naturalist and the chief support of the remainder-dealer. Turning over a heap of these derelicts, these still-born children of the literary shipyards, one is struck at first glance by their prevailing insensitiveness, their self-complacency, and their utter superficiality of vision amid wild natural things. But what chiefly impresses the town-sick looker-on at this exasperating game is the constant straining after a human interest on every page. Either writer or reader, or both, are being eternally dragged by neck and heels through every daisy-field or briar-patch that lies in the way. It was a favorite doctrine with Jefferies that no unity or sympathy was discoverable between man and wild-nature—from nature's standpoint. He constantly taught that the life of the field and the forest went on irrespective of, and often antagonistic to, the human life that traversed it at every step. Man was the hopeless lover, nature the indifferent, the uncon-

scious fair. It is true Jefferies continually went back from this position, and imported the jarring human note into much of his finest work, but his most ardent admirer must concede that the work was all the worse for it. Yet Jefferies' human interest was always reverent and unassuming, if a trifle innocent; while that of the great tribe of fantastic dullards hobbling slipshod in his train has an insufferable air of patronage and self-importance. In the mind of the reader the same picture is continually and inevitably rising—that of the lord of creation, with long hair and a note-book, throned on the wild-thyme bank, and receiving in turn and at his own majestic pleasure the homage of the birds and flowers and creeping things and the deep obeisance of the forest trees; while, in a respectfully distant circle without, the little hills hop their delightful appreciation, and from afar the great mountains bow their acknowledgments of his gracious presence.

Londoners have long been accredited with an insatiable appetite for this kind of phllandering, and, no doubt, it is a pleasant thing to imagine the jaded city worker, cooped up all day long in his stuffy office, refreshing himself at eventide with a story of blue hills and country breezes, unattainable in Brixton or Shepherd's Bush. There is little question that any book on the free natural life of field and hedgerow—an earnest record of things seen and of thoughts arising spontaneously out of a loving study of the great primæval underflow of creation—must always be like a cup of water in the desert to the enforced dweller in the town. It is very high and worthy art indeed to bring the delectable mountains in fancy to poor Pilgrim, stuck for the time being in his slough of bricks and mortar in default of fifty shillings a week. But, unluckily for the city worker, the otherwise adverse conditions of his life

tend to breed in him an amazing intuition for the verities—at least, in regard to this kind of literature; and it is much to be questioned if the exponents of the new natural history have any following at all in the towns. They have been found out long ago. The fleeting twenty minutes in the train, and the quiet fireside evenings are too precious to be frittered away on such an obvious counterfeit. The first taste reveals its true quality; it is sawdust, dyed, it is true, in various rich and appetizing colors, but sawdust nevertheless.

Perhaps—and, be it said, with sincere condolences to the few brilliant exceptions—it is the parson amidst wild nature who presents to the latter-day reviewer of country books the most disquieting spectacle of all. The unecclesiastic sentimentalist is an incongruous figure enough in a woodland glade of primroses, yet at least he comes sounding a pæan that is frankly based upon the scenes about him. But the clerical

The County Gentleman.

wanderer in the wilderness seems never to stir abroad without taking with him his entire professional equipment. And here we tread on the fringe of a rather delicate matter. A certain monumental work on ornithology, consisting of a dozen or more volumes of the greatest interest and value, is rendered practically useless to the busy student, solely because its reverend author feels himself constrained to lay down his pen in the middle of almost every paragraph, and lift hands in fervent thankfulness for the whole creation generally, and in particular for whatever fowl of the air he happens to be describing. And the poet-naturalist-parson has the same unhappy knack of counterpointing the all-sufficient music of the open air with the thudding melody of the church organ. We cannot help the inclination to pray, like the old French courtier, that the proposition in theology may not have the effect of killing the king.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Plant-Breeding," by Prof. Hugo de Vries, is a review of the experiments of Mr. Luther Burbank and Dr. Hjalmar Nilsson and is intended for botanists and those interested in botany rather than for the farmer or the amateur, but it includes many interesting descriptions and comparisons and parts of it may be read with pleasure by any one whose attention has been attracted by recent magazine articles on Mr. Burbank's work. Its pictures are chiefly scientific, but among them are a few showing the products of Mr. Burbank's skill and portraits of him and of Dr. Nilsson. Students of the Darwinian theories will here find the latest word

on one branch of their subject. Open Court Publishing Co.

Mr. Alfred Tressider Shepard's "Running Horse Inn" is a story of rural England at the unhappy moment when the glow of the contest with Napoleon had departed and the refreshment of peace had not yet been felt; the days when the drain of death, duties and taxation had not ceased, yet there was no certainty anywhere except in the minds of those who despaired. Two brothers, sons of an innkeeper, the wife of one of them, and her father, a man of good family deeply angered by her marriage, divide the action of the

story among them. The soldier brother returns from the wars the very morning of his brother's wedding to the girl whom he has regarded as his own sweetheart, but the bridegroom is unconscious of the position and urges him to remain in his old home. Little by little, the soldier yields to his affection for his sister-in-law, and, fancying that she is unhappy, begs her to elope with him. Almost at the same time, the inn ceases to prosper, and foreclosure impends over both brothers and the tale moves swiftly to the final tragedy. The book is admirably written and its quiet excellence should make it a favorite for many seasons to come. J. B. Lippincott Co.

In Edwin Asa Dix's "Prophet's Landing" (Charles Scribner's Sons), the attempt is made to apply certain processes of combination and high finance to business as carried on in a small town. The central figure in the story is a village merchant with unusual initiative who adds department after department to his store, regardless of the consequences to more humble competitors; becomes in a small way a railway promoter; uses his secret information to buy up land; gets special rates on his freight; and manipulates the stock of a small local railroad after the most approved Wall-street methods. The story is told with simplicity and directness; but the characters and even the slender love story which runs through the book are subordinate to the author's main purpose of exhibiting the essential selfishness of the processes described. At points, there is a confusion of standards, practices which are quite legitimate being classed with those which are clearly wrong; and there is now and then a touch of the melodramatic, as when a stroke of lightning during a December thunder storm destroys the new house which the successful speculator has

built at the cost of the ruin of the contractor. But it was a happy thought to cause the young son of the ruthless capitalist to bring his father to repentance by reproducing his qualities in miniature.

Edinburgh, both the Old Town, "mine own romantic," and the New, so completely belongs to Scott that one can hardly see why "Edinburgh under Sir Walter Scott" has waited so long for Mr. W. T. Fyfe to write it. Perhaps the reason may be that every Scott-lover has a similar work in his imagination and wanders happily through the ancient burgh, in fancy following the kindly ghost of the Great Unknown, but there are few who will not find Mr. Fyfe a welcome companion in such a pilgrimage. He has used not only Scott and Lockhart, but many a contemporary of the Shirra in turning the stones of the streets into bread for the imagination, and Edinburgh looms before the inward eye as a realm of such originality and individuality as the three kingdoms could not equal. What with the real persons, the extraordinary dignitaries of bench, and bar, and session, and the equally real companies from the Minstrelsy, and the novels, the half real and half imaginary beings who flock from the house of Ambrose, and from the abode of the Blue and Yellow, Edinburgh is as populous as Pekin. Mr. R. S. Rait, who has given the book a wisely appreciative introduction, says that even those who read the "Letters" and the "Journals" once a year may learn something from the work, and this is true, but even greater is its value to those to whom it introduces Scott, and at once compels them to perceive his sovereignty. Lockhart himself is not so good a herald, not so clear voiced in proclaiming the great deeds of the monarch of the pen and the permanence of his glory. E. P. Dutton & Co.



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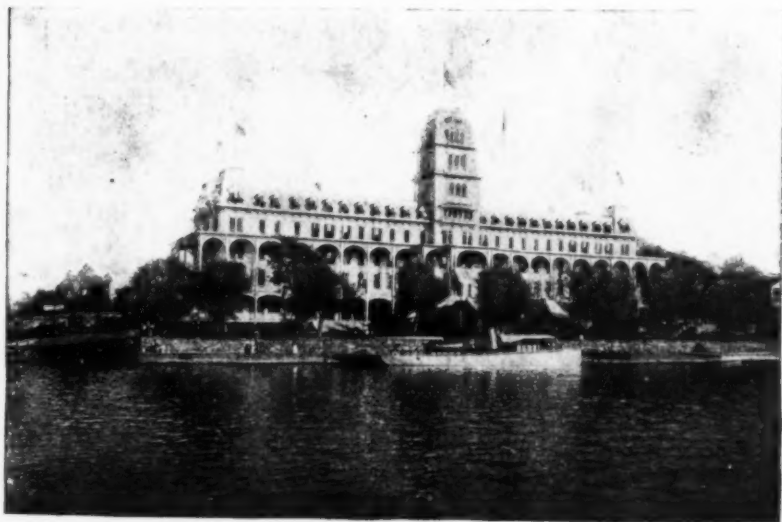
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